

THE
STROLERS
ⁿ
PACQUET OPEN'D.

CONTAINING SEVEN
Jovial DROLLS OF FARCES,

Calculated for the Meridian of
Bartholomew and Southwark FAIRS.

Representing the COMICAL HUMOURS of
Designing *Usurers*, Sly *Pettifoggers*, Cunning
Sharppers, Cowardly *Bullies*, Wild *Rakes*,
Finical *Fops*, Shrewd *Clowns*, Testy *Mas-*
ters, Arch *Footmen*, Forward *Widows*,
Stale *Maids*, and Melting *Lasses*.

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MDCCXLII.

PERSONS who speak in the
BILKER BILK'D.

Freeman, a Gent.

Mixum, a Vintner.

Vizard, a Sharper.

Keeper of *Newgate*.

Mrs. *Mixum*, the Vintner's Wife.

Drawers, Boys, &c.

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THE
BILKER BILK'D,
OR, A
Banquet of Wiles.

SCENE, a Tavern.

Enter FREEMAN and MIXUM.

Free. **H**EY day! here's a clutter
of Curses against Rogues
and Cheats! why thou rails
with as hot a Zeal against
Villany, as a demure
Whore against Lewdness.

Mixum. O, Sir, this is such a Piece of
Roguery,—not of my own, Sir, no, no,
of *Vizards*, that Root and Branch of all
Villany: Hear me, Sir, this same *Vizard*,
who I verily believe could cheat a Jesuit,
and make an Ass of the Devil, comes into
my House last Night, with a fine Female;
says he, in a Whisper, *Mixum*, my Fortune
is made, this is a Lady of Rank and Riches,
whom I have this Day married; upon
A which

which I was full of Respect, o' course; he bespoke an elegant Supper; in a trice the Table smoak'd with Wild Fowl, they soon devour'd the first and second Course, Wine in Abundance drank, I was jocund; then he slips a twenty Pound Bill into my Hand, and bids me take my Reckoning; I suspecting nothing, return'd him full Change for his Bill, and retir'd to make mine; sends in a blind Harper to detain them longer, he cries, 'Musick is the Food of Love, play 'on,' the Harper tunes up, my Drawer is beckon'd to withdraw, and you know when there is a Woman in Company it is *Sam's* Place to wink and vanish.

Free. Doubtless, Sir, that was but civil.

Mix. Well, Sir, this precious Pair, being left in the Room with the Harper, whose Eyes Heaven had clos'd, from beholding such Villany, silently opens the back Casement, quietly packs up my Plate, cleverly thrusts the Woman out of the Window, dextrously conveys himself after; the eyeless Harper plays on still, till *Sam* enters with, *D'ye call, Sir?* but out, alas, the Birds were flown, and Nest of Plate also; then Lamentations rent the Air, the Drawer made the House ring, my Wife bawls, I thunder and kick the Boys like a Fury, and all of us curse the blind Harper to the Devil: In this Confusion, I bethink myself of the twenty Pound Bill, and scour away.

away to the Bankers to secure the Cash, but
 O ye cruel Fates, the Bill was forg'd, I was
 seiz'd, *Vizard* not to be found, I brought
 in guilty of Forgery, and got villify'd and
 pillory'd and pelted with rotten Eggs, and
 all for being cheated; but tho' he'scapes me
 now, yet I still comfort myself with seeing
 him hang'd, in Hemp of his own beating.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Street,*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. A plague confound all Gaming, I
 think the Devil's in the Dice, what I get
 like a Rogue, I lose like a Fool; let me see,
 this Nest of Plate that I bilk'd *Mixum*, that
 Rogue of a Vintner, of, fetch'd me thirty
 Pounds, and lasted me just three Hours at
 Hazard, and this single Simon my whole
 Estate. O yonder comes a Barber, his Im-
 plements may fetch me a Dinner.

Enter Solomon.

Well met my Lad, where art going.

Sol. I am a going to shave Mr. *Mixum*,
 Sir.

Viz. I am glad I met thee, I was just
 a going to thy Master's.

Sol. I believe you mean my Father's, Sir.

Viz. Ay, Ay, thy Father's, thou art a
 very pretty Boy, I have heard my Friend
Mixum commend thee.

Sol. He is my Godfather.

Viz. He is so, and thy Name is — odso, that I should forget —

Sol. *Soloman*, my Name, Sir, is *Soloman Smack*.

Viz. Ay, *Solomon*, I knew it was some wise Name, I was just going to my Friend *Smack* to borrow his Bason, Ball, and Razor, for I laid a Wager I could shave Mr. *Mixum*, and he not know it; a Frolick, my Lad, nothing but a Frolick, so I'll take thy Things, and in the mean Time, prithee call a Coach; for thy Godfather, and I, shall go to receive some Money, as soon as I have shav'd him; and here's Sixpence for thee to stay with the Coach till we come.

Sol. I thank you, Sir, but what shall I do for my Things?

Viz. I will leave them at thy Godfather's.

[*Exit Sol.*]

This is lucky; if I could cheat this Rogue *Mixum* six Days in a Week, I should keep my Inclination wholly to remember him on the seventh. If I don't shave him in more Senses than one, I shall think my Wit as dull as the Back of my Razor. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, a Tavern.

Enter Mixum and his Wife.

Wife. Here's the Money, I am sure it is right, Forty two Pounds.

[*Lays down the Bag.*]

Mix.

Mix. Well, I must go taste some Wines that are just landed, and I'll call at Mr. *Burnish's*, and send home the Punch-bowl.

Wife. In truth Husband, I am tired of the Trade we drive, when I call to mind how abominably we cheat, truly it afflicts my Conscience.

Mix. Conscience! what a devil have we to do with Conscience, don't we keep a Tavern, go, go, mind your Business, you had best, and to mend the Matter, score double in the Devil's Name; talk of Conscience when we have got an Estate —

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Sir, I am come to shave you, I am Mr. *Smack's* Man.

Mix. But where is my Godson, he us'd to shave me.

Viz. Sir, he's gone to shave Mr. *Spintext* the Lecturer, but my Master thought you might be in Haste, so sent me to shave you.

Mix. What's your Name Friend?

Viz. *Timothy Perigrine*, Sir, — Will you please to sit down.

[*He sits, Vizard puts the Cloth round his Neck.*]

Mix. How long have you been a Barber, Friend?

Viz. About a Year, Sir.

Mix. What then you serv'd no time to it.

Viz. No indeed Sir, I am glad to do any thing for an honest Livelihood; a wag-

ging Hand you know, Sir, is getting a Penny. [Raising a Lather.

Mix. What Business was you brought up to.

Viz. The Sea, Sir, to plow the Ocean.

Mix. And how came you to leave the Sea-faring Life?

Viz. Ill Fortune, Sir; that often attends the Industrious.

Mix. What was it? let's hear; these Sea Voyages are diverting.

Viz. Are they so? then faith I'll try if I can make one for you. [Aside.

Why Sir, in my first unfortunate Voyage we was chac'd by three *Algerine* Pirates, and being deep laden found it impossible to escape; now I having heard what a miserable thing it was to be a Slave, chose rather to venture the Sea than be took Prisoner; with this Resolution, I prevail'd on the Cooper of our Ship to barrel me up in a Cask, clap a sound Cork into the Bung-hole, and fling me overboard; no sooner said but done, there was I in the vast Ocean toss'd about for nine Days successively, till I was like to perish with Hunger, for I eat nothing all that time, but six Biscuits which I luckily had in my Pocket before we saw those terrible Pirates: Well, while I was in this Condition, a *Dutch* Man of War sail'd along, and spying a Barrel floating, they hoisted out their Boat and brought

brought me aboard, I was not able to speak, but I heard them disputing what it should be that was in the Barrel; one said it was Butter, another said Beef, and some said it was Oatmeal, but to be satisfied they call'd the Cooper to strike out the Bung; when the Bung was out, there issued such a Fume, that they all agreed it stunk like the Devil: At length, one unfortunate Fellow more daring than the rest, thrust his Hand in to feel what it was, I snatch'd his Fore-finger and Thumb in my Mouth, and whipt 'em clever off in an Instant, (for I was consumed hungry) with that the Fellow bellow'd out, and swore it was the Devil, ran'd the Bung into the Barrel again, and toss'd me overboard.

Mix. Ods my Life, that was very ill Luck indeed ! — how didst thou scape at last ?

Viz. Providence preserv'd me, Sir ; I roll'd upon the Billows in this Barrel twelve Days longer, and had no Sustenance but the *Dutchman's* Fore-finger and Thumb—hold up your Head, Sir —

Mix. Twelve Days, O the Devil, that could never be, *Tim.*

Viz. 'Tis true, upon my Honesty, well, at length my faithful Barrel was flung ashore, so I pondering with myself that I might as well be drown'd as famish'd (for by this time I had not so much as a Nail of the Man's

Man's Finger left) I bursts out the Bung, and putting my Head out for the Benefit of fresh Air, I saw I was cast ashore in *Greenland*, for casting my Eyes round I spy'd a huge white Fox, come scowering down the Sea-side, at a monstrous Rate ; with that I skulk'd my Head into my Barrel again, knowing it to be a Beast of Prey —

Mix. A huge white Fox ! how big might this Fox be ?

Viz. Something bigger than a large *Flanders* Mare, Sir, — well he came thundering down to the Barrel, and smelling me out, he began to roar like a Lion, but by good Providence, that very Moment, a Fly as big as a Partridge, stung him on the Buttocks, he whisks round to rub himself against the Barrel, his Tail got a-cross the Bung-hole, I clap't fast hold on't with both my Hands ; the Fox in a terrible Fright, fell a galloping as if the Devil was at his Tail, and hurried the Barrel with me in it, for three and twenty Miles over Hedges and Ditches, through Marshes and Woods, overturning all before him ; till at last running full Speed between two Trees, that stood pretty close together, the Barrel stav'd all to pieces.

Mix. So, that was good Luck ; then you got quit of the Fox.

Viz. No, Sir, no ; my Hands, with grasping the Fox's Tail so violently all this long
Jour-

Journey, was clench'd so fast, I could not possibly open them. Well, away the Fox scower'd faster than ever, now he was lighten'd of the Barrel, and in an Instant dragg'd me twelve Miles and a half further. When he arrived at the Brink of a vast deep River, he plunges in directly, and fell a swimming with me at his Tail. Now a lucky Thought came into my Head, to be revenged of him for leading me this Dance; so when he was just got to the middle of the River, I suddenly plunged down to the very Bottom, and calmly sate me down at my Ease, with his Tail in my Hand. He pants and struggles to get loose, but all in vain, I held him down while there was any Signs of Life.

Mix. O Tim! this must be a Gun.

Viz. Every Word true, or may this Shaving be my last. So, Sir, up comes I, swims ashore, and gets to a Port, where I found an *English* Ship, and came over to *England* in her.—Shut your Eyes, Sir, or my Ball will make 'em smart.

Mix. Ay, ay.—Why, *Tim*, I find you have been a great Traveller: Was you never in the *Popish* Countries?

Viz. Yes, Sir, I have been in most Parts. In *Italy* I was once treated very handsomely, by a Monk of *Loretto*, with a delicious Hasty-pudding, made of the Milk of St. *Luke's* Cow, thicken'd with a Pound of the Chaos.

Mix.

Mix. Psha! a pox *Tim*, you talk like a Traveller now.

Viz. Why, Sir, I hope you don't think I lye.— O dear, Sir, there are a Multitude of venerable Reliques in all their Churches.— I myself saw the very identical Shoes in which *St. Ignatius* walk'd barefoot to *Jerusalem*. Nay, Sir, I saw the Horse-shoe that was wore by the Horse, that fed with the Mare, that foal'd the Foal, that became the Horse, that begot the Mare, that was Dam of the Colt, that grew the Steed, that brought the Boy, that knew the Woman, that had seen the Man, that his Father told, that he saw the Lady of *Loretta's* Chappel fly from *Judea* into *Italy*.

Mix. Ha, ha, ha, What a Bead-roll of Men, Horses, Mares, and Horse-shoes, hast thou sputter'd forth!

Viz. O Sir, I assure ye these are great Curiosities. Why, Sir, this was the very first Horse-shoe that ever kept Witches out of Houses; — Take Time by his Forelock of Hair, he is bald behind, says the wise Man, — I must leave the Vintner in the Suds [*Aside, takes the Bag, and exit.*

Mix. O plague, *Tim*, this must be a devilish Lie. Come, make haste tho'; — thou hast got a damn'd strong Memory, sure, to retain such a Heap of Lies, and pour 'em forth off Hand so pat; Ha, ha, ha; there's thy Barrel and white Fox, thy
Hasty-

Hasty-pudding thicken'd with the Chaos,
 and blended with the Milk of St. *Luke's*
Cow; and then the Genealogy of thy
Horse shoe; Why what a Devil, dost thou
 take me to be such an *Ass* to believe all
 this, ——— Ha, ha, ha. ——— But come,
 why don't you shave me? ——— Why *Tim*,
 I shall be blind with winking. ——— *Tim*,
 why *Tim*, why dost not speak. — O Lord!
 my Heart misgives me! — Gone! — O the
 Devil! my Money! — Wife! — Wife! —
 why Wife! ———

Enter Wife.

Wife. Hey day! What a Noise you make,
 Husband? What ail you?

Mix. Where's this curs'd Barber?

Wife. Why he's just gone out. — Are
 you not trim'd then?

Mix. Trim'd! Yes, yes, I am trim'd,
 with a Vengeance: — Did you take the
 Money off the Table?

Wife. I take the Money? No, indeed,
 not I.

Mix. O the Devil! I have wink'd to a
 fine Purpose.

Enter Solomon.

Sol. Give me your Blessing, pray God-
 father.

Mix. My Blessing! the Devil broil thy
 Heart, Where's your Father's Man?

Sol. My Father keeps no Man, Godfa-
 ther.

Mix.

Mix. Godfather! thou Devil's Son! who was it trim'd me?

Sol. Lord, Sir, I don't know the Gentleman; he borrow'd my Bason and Razors, as he said, for a Frolick.

Mix. Frolick! — My Money, my two and Forty Pounds gone in a Frolick! — It must be that cursed *Vizard*; Who the Devil would have suspected him in a Barber's Skin? Zoons! if I catch him, I'll strangle him with my own Hands. —

Wife. Nay, prithee Honey sweet Husband, have Patience.

Mix. Patience, with a Vengeance! Yes, a Plague on you, you could cry Patience, sweet Honey, when I caught *Jack Rakish* and your patient Ladyship upon the blue Squab Couch, in the red Room.

Wife. Good Husband, take Heart; I'll play the Devil, but I'll recover this Loss; I'll score double and trebble for a Month, with a good Conscience.

Mix. Who the Plague could have suspected such ill Luck to Day? I got out of Bed backward too this Morning. — Well, I'll cast up my Accounts, make myself merry, and then fairly go and hang myself. The Devil take the Barber; and his white Fox together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene

*Scene the Street.**Enter Vizard.*

Viz. Well, there is certainly a Fate attends those of my Profession: I that am so great a Master of the Art of Circumvention, am nevertheless bilk'd by every Bawd, and over-reach'd by tawdry half-witted Whores.

Enter Mixum, and a Goldsmith's Boy, with a Silver Punch-Bowl.

Mix. Now *Jervas*, besure you give this Bowl into my Wife's own Hands; let no Trick, nor Wile, prevail on you to part with it to any other. I am in continual Fear of that confounded Vizard; but if ever I catch him, Zoons! I'll play the Devil with him. *[Exit ambo.]*

Viz. Curfes fattens the Fox. — Friend *Mixum*, you want trimming again; my Mouth waters at that Punch-Bowl; to bite this Vintner, I hold meritorious, and will proceed to plot for his Plate, not having the Fear of Tyburn before my Eyes. *[Exit.]*

Enter Mrs. Mixum, with the Punch-Bowl, and the Goldsmith's Boy.

Wife. is very well, *Jervas*; my profound Respects to your Mistress; I acknowledge the Receipt of this. — Profound Respects! — There's an Expression! — This 'tis to have a fine Education, to be brought

up in a Tavern: I let them see that I keep as good Company as any She within London Walls.—Fare thee well, *Jervas*.

[*Exit Jervas*.

Enter Vizard, like a Goldsmith's 'Prentice, with a Jole of Salmon.

Viz. A fair Hour to you, Madam.

Wife. A fine Compliment that! —I'll set it down.—A beautiful Thought to you, Sir.

Viz. Madam, Mr. *Burnish*, my Master, has sent you a Jole of Salmon, and designs to come home with your Husband, to Supper, to season your new Bowl; and your Husband, Madam, desires you would lend the Bowl back by me, to have his Arms engraven on it, which he forgot before.

Wife. By what Token, Friend? —Nay, I have a Wit——

Viz. By the Token he was left in the Suds this Morning.

Wife. An ill Token, but a true one.—Here, take the Bowl, and tell them, I expect 'em with Impatience. [*Exit Viz.*

Sam, Sam, why Sam, are you deaf?

Enter Sam.

Sam. Here, here, Mistress.

Wife. Quickly, quickly, lay the Cloth and Napkins, and bring the Knives and Forks and Plates, and get every Thing ready.—

ready.—There, there, that's well; the Company will soon be here. [*Enter Mixum.*] O are you come, Husband? Where are they?

Mix. Hey dey! Hey dey! What's here? a Feast going forward, and in my best Par-
lour? Whose Treat, *Peg*? Whose Treat?

Wife. Prithee leave fooling; Are they come?

Mix. Come, who come?

Wife. Lord, how strange you make it?

Mix. Strange! What's strange? Is the Woman mad?

Wife. What, you know of no Body that sent us a Jole of Salmon, do you? and said, they'd come to Supper?

Mix. Ha! Salmon! Hush, not I, hush, they have mistaken the House; let's eat it up quickly, before they return; come, come, sit down, Wife; — some good Luck yet.—Faith, I never relish'd Salmon better in my Life; —'tis delicious Feeding, free-cost. [*Eating greedily.*]

Wife. Husband, are you mad? Won't you stay till Mr. *Burnish* comes? Don't you know he sent the Fish?

Mix. No, I say no [*Still eats fast.*]

Wife. And that his Man, who brought it, said he would be here to Supper?

Mix. I say, no, no, no, no. [*Eats greedily.*]

Wife. And hanel my new Bowl?

Mix. No, no, no. [*Eats still.*]

Wife. And did not you order him to fetch the Bowl back?

Mix. [*Starts, and lays down his Knife.*] Ha! back?

Wife. That your Arms might be engraved on't?

Mix. O Lord!

Wife. By the Token you was left in the Suds this Morning?

Mix. O! O! O!

Wife. And so I sent it back.—Nay, if I bear the Blame.

Mix. O I am shot! And is the Bowl gone, departed, defunct? ha?

Wife. Gone? yes sure, 'tis gone.

Mix. I will never pray more, abandon all Remorse; on Horror's Head, Horrors accumulate. Hear me, thou Plague to Mortal, thou Wife thou; if I have not my Bowl again, I will send thee to Hell, and then go to a Conjuror, and if he fails to get it again, I'll have the Devil raised, before I lose it. [*Exit.*]

Wife. Bless me! how fearfully he talks.—
Enter Vizard.

Viz. I must have my Salmon again, I cannot afford this old Rogue so nice a Bit, 'twill season my Punch rarely. Now for a Master-piece.—Fair Mistress.—

Wife. O Sir! have I caught you? *Sam,* fasten all the Doors——

Viz.

Viz. Softly, softly, good Mistress, you shall know all. A very good Jest, i'faith; I warrant you was sadly frightened; your Husband's a Wag; he's gone to our House, laughing till he's ready to burst. The Bowl's safe enough, and brim full of Punch. Come away presently, and give me the Salmon, to carry before: You are to sup at our House.

Wife. Praise the Powers 'tis no worse; but he did ill to fright me so; he has put every Part about me into a Constellation. Here take the Salmon. [*Exit Viz.*] Well, I was never so fluster'd in my Life: How my Heart beats yet! — Here, *Sam*, send *Betty* with my Hood and Scarf and Gloves, quickly, quickly.

Enter Betty, and puts on her Scarf and Hood, &c. then enter Mixum.

Mix. How now? Whither are you jaunting, ha?

Wife. Psha! pray leave your Fooling; you might have made one miscarry.

Mix. What unaccountable Devil has possess'd this Woman?

Wife. Come, pray Devil me no Devils; Will you go?

Mix. Whither must I go? Is the Woman indeed possess'd?

Wife. Whither? why, to eat the Salmon at Mr. *Burnish's*: I hate this Foolery.

Mix. Your Meaning, ye senseless Jade, your Meaning?

Wife. Now Heaven bless your Wits, what a shallow Memory you have got! Did not you send for me and the Salmon, by the same Fellow that fetch'd the Bowl?

Mix. 'Tis mighty well, 'tis wond'rous well; And have you your Senses, you lunatick Jade?

Wife. Nay, if you think to make me an Ass, I'll be sure to make you an Ox, I'll tell you that for your Comfort. [Exit.

Mix. Well, I'll never pray again, that's certain: If Heaven prosper Knaves, the City's like to thrive. I'll go hang myself out of Revenge. [Exit.

Scene the Street.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ha, no Business stirring; sure the Devil's very busy; He used to give me Opportunity, as often as I had Inclination to be wicked.— O yonder comes a Fellow, by his Cloak he should have Money in his Pockets; I must knock at his Pate, before I can enter his Breeches.

Enter a Fidler Cloak'd; Viz. knocks him down.

Fid. O Murther! Murther!

Viz. [Searching his Pockets.] What a Devil have we here? a Fidler, with his Rosin and

and Cat-gut? Only a single Sixpence. Well, however, here's a Cloak for my Knavery.

[Exit.

Fid. Stop Thief! stop Thief! [Exit.

Enter Mixum, meeting Vizard in a Cloak.

Mix. So, that is the Rogue paramount, *Vizard.*—Have I caught you at last? Sirrah, you shall hang for't. [Takes hold of the Cloak, Vizard slips it on his Shoulders.] Odo, the Serpent has slipt his Skin; but however, I have got a good Cloak by the Bargain. [He wraps himself in the Cloak.]

Enter Fidler, Constable, and Watch.

Fid. Stop Thief. O Mr. Constable, he has got my Cloak on his Back.

Const. Seize him.

Mix. How now, Gentlemen, what's the Matter?

Const. No Harm, Friend, only carry you to *Newgate* for a Street Robber.

Mix. Why sure the Fellow's a Fool.

Fid. No, Sir; but he's a Constable, and that's all one. I'll take my Oath, that Cloak's mine, and that you came behind me, knock'd me down, and run away with it; and so Mr. Constable, I charge you with him.

Mix. Now shall I be hang'd for that Villain's Roguery. [Exeunt]

Scene

Scene Newgate.

Enter Keeper, Mr. Mixum, Mrs. Mixum, and Vizard, like a Fanatick Parson.

Mix. Is there no Hopes of a Reprieve for me?

Keep. No, Sir, no; but here's a Parson come to prepare you for t'other World.

Mix. Alas! alas! then I'm in a bad way indeed.

Viz. Friend, I come from *Zachariah Zealous*, to be, as it were, a Staff to thee, whilst thou takest a great Leap — as it were — thou know'st not whither.

Wife. Well Husband, this is a Comforter, — this holy Man, — he is for the Soul. But, Friend, my Husband owes his Goldsmith Forty Pounds; and suppose now, when he is going to Execution, he should be so unneighbourly to set a Sergeant on his Back, might not that stay Execution?

Viz. I'll warrant his Back; but as for his Neck, *Plinius Secundus*, and *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, tell us in their Works, that a three-fold Cord is hardly broken.

Mix. A very learned Man, this! — Well, I am not the first honest Man that was hang'd, and I heartily pray to Heaven, I may not be the last.

Wife. Ah, dear Husband, little did I think, when you swore the last Parson out
of

of his Change, that you should have Occasion to think of Heaven so soon. — Oh! — If you had been hang'd deservedly, it would never have vex'd me: Many an honest Man has been hang'd deservedly, but to be cast away for nothing, Oh! Oh!

Wife. Comfort thyself, good Woman, grieve moderately, 'tis decent; you will shortly be a young Widow, I will visit you, and give you Christian Comfort.

Wife. Thank you very kindly, Sir, you shall be heartily welcome to my House, by Day or by Night. [*Turning to her Husband.*] My Dear, do they, or we, the Halter find?

Mix. They, to be sure; this Government is kind. — O Woman! Woman! Why dost thou ask such a Question? thou may'st be sure they find the Halter.

Wife. Alas, I could not tell, and so I brought one along with me. — O Robin! thou hast been a dear, dear Husband to me, and I was not willing thou shouldst want any Thing I could help thee to.

(*Pulls a Halter out of her Pocket.*)

Mix. O my Dear, I thank thee, thou art so kind now. —

Wife. My Neighbour *Thong* put it into my Hands upon his Word, and told me, he could not have made a stronger, if it had been for his own Wife.

Mix. I am mightily beholden to all my Friends; how ready they are to serve me at this Time!

Wife

Wife. O dear Husband! I can't bear the Loss of you, I shall break my Heart. — O! I wish I were to be hang'd in your room.

Mix. I wish you were with all my Heart, that would be a Happiness; but I poor Sinner can't expect such a Mercy.---Well, I am but a dead Man.---And to die with a clear Conscience;--- If I owe any Man any thing, I here heartily forgive him; and whoever owes me any thing, let them pay my Wife. —Here *Peg*, here are the Writings of that Rogue *Vizard's* Estate; he has brought me to this untimely End; they are dear Writings to me.---And now, dear Wife, take Leave of thy doleful Husband.

Wife. No, no, my Dear, I'll stay and see thee hang'd, and please the Lord. O dear! if the Rope should break, I shall break my Heart.

Viz. The Writings of my Estate! one Trick to recover them is worth all that ever I play'd.---Good Woman, the Rope will prove a trusty Rope, trouble him not with thy Fears, in this his Hour of Tribulation.

[*Picks her Pocket of the Writings.*]

Mix. Wife, Wife, the sanctified Rogue has pick'd thy Pocket.--Some Comfort yet,--the Parson will be hang'd with me.--Ha!--as I live, 'tis *Vizard*! O Rogue! Rogue! why thou Villain! Didst thou come here to let me be hang'd for thy own Roguery?

Viz.

Viz. Why faith, *Mixum*, thou hadst the Conscience to put me into the Condition of hanging or starving, and thou art the Occasion of all the Tricks I have play'd; and it is Twenty to One, that I should rather have seen thee hang'd, than myself.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Mr. *Mixum*, here is a Pardon come at last for you.

Mix. Ah, Heaven be praised! How my Heart leaps for Joy! Well, Rogue, I shall not die this Time; and I am so light-hearted, and over-joy'd, that I am resolved to show the same Mercy I have received, and forgive this Rogue this Time; tho' I foresee he will be hang'd at last.

Viz. Sir, I thank you, but I shall disappoint you, I hope; for I design to marry, as the lesser Evil of the two, and see what that will do.

Mix. Say you so? Why then, to make you Amends for the Wrong I have done you, and encourage you to be honest, I'll give you my Daughter to Wife, and a Thousand Pounds to maintain her; and as Earnest, there's the Mortgage of your Estate, to bind the Bargain.

Viz. What, sweet *Nancy*? a lovely Girl, faith! and Sir, I accept your Proposal, and thank you heartily. And now for Reformation,

(24)

mation, and a new Life. Come Father,
let's take our last Leave of this hellish
Place.

*Farewell ye Whores and Dice, and Follies
all;*

Reason returns, and I attend her Call.

[Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.



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THE
Witchcraft of LOVE:

O R,
STRATAGEM ON STRATAGEM.



L O N D O N:
Printed for A. JACKSON, in *Clare Court*,
Drury-Lane. 1741.

PERSONS who speak in the
Witchcraft of Love, &c.

M E N.

Sir Jeffrey Constant.

Captain Constant, his Son.

Faithful, a Gentleman in Love with Laura.

*Sir David Watchum, an old Guardian to
Laura.*

Trusty, Sir Jeffrey Constant's Steward.

Squire Num, Lover to Belinda.

Slouch, his Man.

Clinch, Capt. Constant's Man.

Manage, Faithful's Man.

Roger, Sir Jeffrey's Tenant, &c.

W O M E N.

Belinda, Daughter to Trusty.

Laura, in Love with Faithful.

Dorothy, Belinda's Maid, &c.

SCENE Peterborough.



THE
Witchcraft of LOVE:
OR,
STRATAGEM ON STRATAGEM.

Scene an Inn.

Enter Captain Constant and Clinch in Mourning, with Riding Habits over it.

Clinch.



ELL, 'tis confounded hard, and I'll endure it no longer.—To be in deep Mourning for I know not whom, and to ride Post threescore Miles, for I know not what.—In short, either let me into the Secret, or discharge me.

Enter Faithful, and Manage, in Riding-Habits.

Faith. Captain, I have dispersed the News of your Father's Death, with such Confirmations as will leave no doubt of the Truth.

C. 2

Const.

Const. 'Twas a lucky Thought to have it inserted in those particular News Papers, which we caused to be sent to this Town; and so honest *Trusty* look about thee, or 'tis six to four I marry *Belinda*.

Clinch. Ha! Faith I begin to smell your Plot; but methinks tho', you need not have hurried away in Post Haste to marry the Daughter of your Father's Steward. Ah, Sir, you know Sir *Jeffrey* is positive against it. Why would you refuse Mrs. *Homebred*? there was Twenty Thousand Pound, and all Parties pleased.

Const. Sirrah, hold your prating, and put on your sorrowful Face, and let's have none of your Blunders; but be sure to remember that my Father died suddenly of an Apoplectick Fit. I'm resolved to marry *Belinda* this Night. Dear *Faithful*, hast thou seen thy *Laura* since thou left me?

Faith No; nor can I get any Intelligence. That old Lanthorn-jaw'd Wretch, Sir *David Watchum*, conceals her from all human kind, except her Maid, and from all Brutes but himself; he haunts her like an evil Genii; the longest Journey he makes in a Year, is to the Coffee-House, whither he's hurried every Morning, in his old jolting Coach. He never goes to Church since that Lady has been his Prisoner, because he durst not be so long from Home.

Const.

Const. Ay, fellow Traveller, I find we have each of us our Share of Difficulties to struggle with; but Courage Man, I warrant we succeed. Let's away to the Coffee-House, and consult what Measures to take.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter 'Squire Num, and his Man Slouch.

Num. What think you, *Slouch*? Had we best go into the Minster, or stay here 'till Mrs. *Belinda* comes out? Her Maid said she was here. Lord! Lord! they rise as early to pray here, as our Parson's Wife does to Milk——Well, but what had we best do?

Slou. Why go in, I think,-- or stay here, which you will, Master.

Num. Od's waunds, Mun, I knaun't which is best, that makes me ask; for I knaw, *Slouch*, yow understand Breeding and Haviours; you have been at *London* with fat Bullocks, but so han't I; but I will go too, next Grass.

Slouch. Nay, Master, but an you should marry this same *Belinda*, she'll not let you budge a Step, as sure as your Name's 'Squire *Num*.

Num. Why dost think I'll be ty'd to a Wife's Tail all the Days of my Life? Am not I of the Family of the *Nums*? No, no, they won't be Wife-rid, *Slouch*.--But haud ye.--What an if her Father should chop up the Wedding to Day, for he likes me woun-

dily ; Ha, Slouch, What shall I do for new Cloaths ?

Slouch. Od, well thought on, Master ; we'll keep out o'th' Minster ; who knows, but as soon as the Parson has done his Prayers, he may begin your Plagues, ha Master ? Who comes here tho', Odzooks, 'tis they.

Enter Trusty, Belinda, Dorothy, as from Church.

Trusty. Ha ! Sir *Jeffrey Constant* dead ? It must be true, 'tis all over the Town already ; they say 'tis in the News too. Pray Heaven he settled his Affairs, I have no Receipt for the last Money I paid him ; my Heart akes consumedly ; I'll set out for *London* as soon as I've dined. If it be true, his Son the Captain will be a better Husband for *Belinda*, than that Fool 'Squire *Num*.

Slouch. Od, Master, make your Bow, and speak to him, now's the Time.

Num. Hem ! hem ! -- Sir, Father has sent me to see Mrs. *Belinda* again, and he says, he'll come over himself next Week, and do all you want him to do, I think. — And as for you, forsooth, [*to Belinda*] you know we have no more to do, but to get ourselves ready to be married ; only you must stay 'till my new Cloaths are made ; the Cloth Father bought last *Sturbitch Fair*, and

and to Mōrrow the Taylor comes to make 'em; don't he *Slouch*?

Slouch. Yes, and his Man *Buckram* too; and he pulls out like a Tyger; the 'Squire will soon be fit, forsooth.

Trusty.] In one Word, Sir, I advise you to return home, and stop your Father's Journey; I have consider'd that my Daughter is no proper Match for you, I have changed my Mind,——

Num. Hey-day! What's the matter now? —— I'll not be fool'd and bamboozled at this rate, mun. You said I should have her, if my Father would settle so and so, and now you come with your After-clap of consider'd, and changed your Mind, after I've spent I don't know how much Money in my Journeys, as *Slouch* can make Oath.

Slouch. Yes, I can swear with a safe Conscience, that it has cost my Master and me above Thirty Shillings upon her.

Bel. What, then you club'd with your Master, Mr. *Slouch*, did you?

Slouch. Now and then, for a Flaggon of Ale, forsooth.

Bel. Well, Friend, I'll take Care the Man shall be no Loser; here's a Guinea for you.

Slouch. 'Dsheart! this 'tis to be sharp.— Thank you kindly, forsooth. But ma hap you intend I should give half to my Master.

Trust. Look you, Mr. *Num*, give me a Bill of your Expence, and I will discharge it;

it; but as to my Daughter, I have design'd her elsewhere

Num. A Bill, no mun, I scorn your Words, I can spend thirty Shillings, d'ye' see, as well as you, for aught I know. I was to marry your Daughter, all our Town knows that, and I think a Bargain's a Bargain; and now you would send me home unmarried, looking as simple as a Dog with his Tail between his Legs. What did you come lounging to our House for, and say I should have your Daughter? I did not come after her, nor you neither, mun.

Trusty. Sir, I spoke as I thought at that Time, but now I have a better Prospect, both in Birth and Estate, than you or your Father can offer.

Num. Hey, Slouch? come hither; Han't my Father a Thousand a Year?

Slouch. Yes indeed, and above too; I'll take my Oath he has ten Hundred a Year.

Num. I believe you're right, *Slouch*, he has ten Hundred a Year.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Num. And I'll hold you a Bottle of Cyder, I'm as well born as your Daughter; my Father's Church-Warden, and Captain of the Militia; and I'm call'd the young Captain, as 'tis very well known.

Trusty. Sir, I don't question any Thing of that; and so, Sir, I am your humble Servant.—Come *Belinda*. [*Exit with Belinda.*

Slouch,

Slouch. Now, Master, we may go to London.

Num. Go to London? go to Jericho! Odsheart, let's follow 'em mun; ma'hap, the Old Man does but joak, and then Father 'll break my Head, for not understanding a Joak; — so come along, *Slouch*.

SCENE, Sir David Watchum's House.

Enter Sir David, in the Garden before the Door.

Sir Dav. All's safe; so far my Care has with Success been crown'd; I would not lose *Laura*, nor her twenty Thousand Pound. I have kept her from the Sight of a Man a whole Year; I will propound Terms; if she will have me for a Husband, she shall have her Liberty; if she bars me out of her Bed, I will bar the Light out of her Apartment, and she shall not know Night from Day. Ha! here's her Maid; if I could but make this Jade of my Interest——

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. This is certainly the Devil, in the Shape of an old Fellow.--- One can't move a Step, but he stares you in the Face.

Sir Dav. How now, Mistress? What makes you here? I thought you had been asleep.

Lucy.

Lucy. That's impossible in such a House; Sleep, Sir? why you have murder'd Sleep. Don't you ramble all Night, up and down Stairs? rattling your Keys, locking and opening Doors, hemming and coughing in one Place; yawning, sneezing, and spitting in another; then stumbling, muttering, flapping of Doors, clattering of Keys, and tumbling of Stools; bow wouw, cries the Dog: This is the constant Musick, to lull us to sleep, we thank you.

Sir Dan. Good lack! good lack! and these are your Thanks for my Care; why I do all this for your Lady's Good, *Lucy.*

Lucy. For my Lady's Good! then pray, Sir, contrive to do us all the Mischief you can, for the future; for nothing can be more disagreeable than the Life you lead us. We would have Liberty, Sir.

Sir Dav. You shall have Liberty, if your Lady and you are willing, and upon easy Terms. I have such a Kindness for Mrs. *Laura*, that I design to marry her myself. Now I would have thee, *Lucy*, to propose this Matter to her, and set forth the Felicity of such an Union, with all thy Eloquence; and then, after our Marriage, you shall have what Liberty you please.

Lucy. And do you call these easy Terms, Sir? I beg your Pardon, I shall never find Colours to paint that Felicity you speak of.
Why

Why sure you do but Joke, you must be too wise to entertain such a wild Notion.

Sir *Dav.* What do you call a wild Notion? I have no Children, and would willingly have an Heir to keep up my Name.

Lucy. Lord deliver me! Do you expect an Heir of your begetting, on so fine a Woman as my Lady? why certainly, Sir, you're not in your right Senses. No, no, your Design is so vile, and so horridly ridiculous, that I would not have a Hand in it for a Thousand Pounds; and so, Sir, your Servant. [Exit.

Enter Manage, to him.

Man. My Master has sent me to speculate this Mansion, and to give Mrs. *Laura* Notice of his Arrival; but if he stays at the Coffee-House 'till I succeed, I don't know but he may be tired.—Ha! the old Guardian himself, I believe.—

Sir *Dav.* How now, Friend? Pray what is your Business at this House?

Man. No great Business, Sir, I only look'd in as I went by, that's all.

Sir *Dav.* Now, in my Opinion, you look like one of those Sparks that can pick Locks, or convey himself through Windows, in the dead Time of the Night.

Man. Take care what you say, Sir; if the noble Captain, whom I have the Honour to serve, should hear you degrade me, I'm afraid he would hardly put it up.

Sir

Sir Dav. Zoons, Sir! What care I for your Captain? Once more, What Business have you here?

Man. Sir, I am a Student in Chymistry, and can cure most Diseases incident to human Nature; and so, Sir, I am upon the Search for Simples, which are useful in my Profession. But pray, Sir, who does this House belong to?

Sir Dav. Its Master.

Man. Indeed! And pray, who is that Master?

Sir Dav. A Man.

Man. Really! Sir, your Answers are as *Laconick* as a *Spartan's*. Pray, Sir, What o' Clock is it?

Sir Dav. 'Tis Time for you to be gone about your Business. [Exit.

Man. So, he's gone, and I'm just as wise as I was before. Ha! his Coach at the Door! I'll watch where it goes.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Dav. What, Sirrah, are not you gone yet? I'll have you laid by the Heels this Moment, if you don't scamper.

Man. Sir, I am going.—A pox of his wither'd Jaws. [Exit.

Sir Dav. He's gone; I don't like the Looks of that Fellow.—*Sam.*

Sam. Sir.

Sir

Sir *Dav.* Lock up my Doors, d'ye hear,
and let no Body in or out, 'till I return
from the Coffee-House. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Coffee-House.

Capt. Constant and Faithful. Enter to them
Manage.

Man. Sir, Sir, the Knight will be here
immediately; I overheard him order his
Man to lock and bar all his Doors, 'till he
returned from the Coffee-House; but I
must not be seen. [*Exeunt.*]

Const. Hark! I hear his Coach.—I have
it.—Let us pretend a Quarrel. — Draw,
Faithful.

Faith. What is your Design?

Const. You shall know afterward——
Landlord, do you seem to part us. Here
he is.—Damn you, 'tis a Lye, I ha'n't
lost. [*Draws.*]

Faith. Blood, Sir, you have.—Here's
at your Heart. [*Fight.*]

Enter Sir David.

Land. O Sir *David!* assist, here will be
Murther.—There he has him,—quite
through. —

Faith. I am wounded; pray lead me
home.

Const. I hope the Wound's not mortal.
Curse on my unlucky Hand. How do'st
thou, *Ned?*

D

Faith.

Faith. O faint, faint; help me to my Inn.

Const. How shall we get him thither? Is there never a Coach to be had, Landlord? or a Chair?

Land. No, Sir; Sir *David* has a Coach at the Door, if you could prevail on him to lend it.

Const. Pray, Sir, oblige us, it shall return instantly.

Sir Dav. With all my Heart.—Here, *Tom*, carry this Gentleman home, do you hear; and make Haste back.—If there be any Danger, Landlord, take care to secure the Murtherer.—

Const. Ha! I smell this Plot; — *Faith* 'twill do.—Come along, *Manage*.—Heark ye; slip on *Clinch*'s Great Coat, 'tis not unlike a Livery; and clap on this black Wig, and look sharp about Sir *David*'s House, and employ your Wits as you see Occasion. [Exit.]

SCENE, *Trusty's House.*

Constant and Clinch. To them Trusty.

Trusty. Your Servant, Captain *Constant*; you're welcome into the Country. What, I warrant you're come to raise Recruits?

Const. No, Sir, not now; 'tis something more melancholly has brought me down.

[Takes out a Handkerchief, and seems to weep.]

Trusty.

Trusty. Good lack ! then the Report is really true ; Sir *Jeffry* is dead it seems.

Clinch. Ay, Sir, he is laid low.

Trusty. Alas ! I heard so, but hop'd it was only a Rumour.—My Heart aches.—Bless me ! How much Money have I paid, without having a Receipt ! I design'd to have set out for *London*, as soon as I had dined.—I loved him like a Brother. Pray, of what Distemper did he die ?

Clinch. O Sir ! of an Apoplexy ; in a Moment's Time he was alive and dead.

Trusty. [*Roars out.*] Oh ! oh ! oh ! Was his Affairs settled ? Had he made a Will ?

Clinch. No, Sir ; 'twas Heaven's Will he should die without.

Trusty. O ! what have I lost !

Const. O Sir, compose yourself ; I know you have lost a Friend in my Father : But what must be a Son's Grief ?

Trusty. Did he say nothing to you about me, before he died ?

Const. Not a Word.

Trusty. Ay, Sir, there's my Grief ; I have paid him large Sums, without any Receipts.

Clinch. [*Aside.*] Tell him, Sir, your Father appear'd ; leave the rest to me.

Const. Sir, I have been inform'd, to a Doit, what it was. My Father could not rest, 'till he had disclosed your Affair.

Trusty. How! has he appear'd, say you?

Clinch. O Sir, often. He has haunted us like the Devil. — Sometimes like a shagged Dog; sometimes like a Bear, with a Chain, rattling his Links; — then he appear'd in his own Shape; What, *Clinch*, says he, don't you know me? then turning to my Master; Son, says he, I come to tell you I have received, at several Times, from Mr. *Trusty*, —

Trusty. Ah! dear, honest Ghost! How much did he say?

Const. Eight Hundred Pounds.

Trusty. Exactly. Dear, dear Ghost! I thank thee. See what it is to deal with honest Men; one loses nothing by them; they return from the Grave, to do us Justice.

Const. Sir, what you have paid, I will account for.

Trusty. I have the rest of the Money ready for you in this Closet. — There are in these Bags, Sir *John*, two and twenty Hundred Pounds; which, with the eight Hundred I paid Sir *Jeffrey*, makes three Thousand: And now, Sir, if you have not forgot my Daughter —

Const. To convince you I have not, I assure you, Mr. *Trusty*, this Change of Fortune has not alter'd my Sentiments, in the least.

Enter Roger.

Roger. Morrow, Landlord; I ha' brought you

you a little Rent, and but a little neither. We've had but a sorry Crop, but we mun pay our Rent.

Trusty. You have a new Landlord, *Roger*, Sir *Jeffrey* is dead, and this is his Son.

Roger. Is he so? I never saw Sir *Jeffrey*, tho' I've paid him so many Pounds. By the Mess, you're a pretty Man, Landlord; you're e'n as handsome as Mrs. *Belinda*. Faith, 'twould be a good Match; you ben't marry'd, Landlord, be you?

Const. No, *Roger*.

Trusty. I find, *Roger*, you have a good Opinion of my Daughter.

Roger. I hope you ben't angry, Sir; for, d'ye see, I speak as I think. An he han't your Daughter, if he'll do me a small Favour, he shall have mine, if I've Twenty, an he'll stay for 'em.

Const. And what Favour can I do thee, *Roger*?

Roger. Why there's Mrs. *Belinda* has a sort of a Maid, that I have had a kind of a hankering after, I knaun't how long; now, Landlord, I fancy one Word from you might draw her Mistress into my Interest.

Const. Is that all? Well, if my Interest be worth any thing, thou shalt be sure of it, *Roger*.

Trusty. Ay, ay, we'll all speak to *Dolly* for thee: Go, get thee into my Cellar, and drink her Health in a Belly-full of Strong Beer.

Roger. With all my Heart, and I thank you, Sir; yes, yes, I'll drink her Health, and yours, and my new Landlord's too, I warrant you. Now for a full Horn. [*Exit.*

Trusty. Now, Sir *John*, I'll send my Daughter to keep you Company, while I dispatch a small Affair within. [*Exit.*

Const. Now, Fortune, if it be thy Will, prevent my Father's coming, 'till this Marriage be over; I'll trust for the Time to come.

Enter Belinda.

Bel. Your Servant, Sir *John*, I am glad to see you in *Peterborough*.

Const. Why that Sir *John*! dear *Belinda*, I know *Dolly* has told you the Plot; 'tis a little inhuman, to ridicule my Passion.

Bel. Why yes; but this Plot seems to me an unlucky one. — Suppose our Fathers should disown us both, when they find out this Trick, pray, what Jointure can you make me, Captain?

Const. Dear *Belinda*, fear it not; but suppose the worst; this Two Thousand Pounds, with my Commission, shall procure us a Retirement, which will seem to me a Paradise, with her I love.

Bel. Generously said! — Here's my Hand, my Heart was thine before.

Const. Let me seal the Contract on this dear Pledge! I will instantly prepare a Parson;

son ; I am impatient 'till the happy Moment we are join'd. [Exit.

Enter Num and Slouch.

Bel. Ha ! the Squire ! — I have a sudden Thought ; I will pretend to like him, and will consent with Difficulty to have Sir *John*, at my Father's Entreaty. — Sir, your humble Servant.

Enter Trusty.

Num. Nay, Madam, I'm your humble Servant. — Od, *Slouch*, she likes me.

Trusty. Ha ! what's that ? — Where's Sir *John*, Daughter ?

Bel. I don't know, Sir ; he went out soon after you.

Num. Sir *John* ! Good Lord ! What, that is he you design for Mrs. *Belinda* ? I think now, 'Squire *Num* sounds full as well ; Don't it, *Slouch* ?

Slouch. Yes, indeed does it, Master ; and a great deal better too.

Num. Why look you there now ! for all you, Mr. *Trusty*, I believe your Daughter thinks so too ; What say you, Mistress ? Ods bud, speak the Truth ; if you like me better than Sir *John*, never be ashamed on't, mun.

Bel. Well then ; to speak the Truth, 'Squire, I own I do like you, as well as any Body my Father approved of.

Trusty.

Trusty. Hey day ! Why what do you say to Sir *John Constant* ? Don't you like him better ?

Bel. I did once, Sir ; but I don't remember I had your Permission.

Trusty. You have Permission now then ; 'tis Time enough sure.

Bel. Under Favour, Sir, it may be now too late ; he may change his Mind.

Trusty. O I'll answer for that ; he shan't have Time to think of Change ; you shall be married to Night.

Num. Ma'hap not, Sir ; fair and softly goes far in a Day ; I believe he'll not have her to Night, for all your Haste.——

Slouch, stand by me, *Slouch.*

Slouch. Yes, Master, that I will, Back and Edge.

Bel. I don't know, Sir, how you come to be so eager all of a sudden ; I own, I don't like a Business of such a Concern, should be huddled up in Haste.

Slouch. She has a huge Fancy for you, I see, Master.

Num. I see that too, *Slouch.* Od, she loves me mainly, that's certain ; — and as for you, Sir, tho' you are her Father, you han't half her Honesty. What a Murrain have you to do to cross her Love ? Don't ye see plainly, she likes no Body but me, mun ?

Trusty.

Trusty. I see plainly, she and you are a Pair of Fools.

Num. Look ye, Sir, call me what you please, but you shan't abuse her, for all you're her Father: I won't have my Wife call'd Names, mun.

Enter Constant.

Trusty. I am glad you're come, Sir *John*; you are in Danger of losing your Mistress, it seems.

Const. I hope not, Sir; I think I have took the Method to secure her. I have a Parson in the other Room.

Bel. [to *Constant.*] Humour what I shall say.—Sir, I own I like the 'Squire: Sir, I am yours, if you dare stand by me.

Num. Dare! Odsheart, I'm call'd the young Caprain. Dare I, I, I dare—

Const. What dare you do, ha?

Num. Why, I dare Face you, mun; for all you cock your Hat, and stare so, mun.

Slouch. Od, have a Care, Master; he's a plaguy long Sword.

Num. I care not—that—for his Sword, nor him neither.—Here, *Slouch*, give me your Cudgel; now, Sir, come on.

Slouch. Ods blews! clear the Way! and give us fair Play: I'll turn the 'Squire loose to any Man in *Northamptonshire*.

Num. Come, lug out your Spit-frog.
Wounds!

Trusty.

Wounds! if I don't sour ye, I'll ne'er handle Cudgel more.

Const. Egad, I shall be forc'd to stick this Tike, or be knock'd down myself.

Trusty. Pray don't draw, Sir *John*. — Lay down your Stick, 'Squire, and leave us quietly, or I shall be obliged to use you worse than I would willingly do.

Bel. Do, dear 'Squire, as my Father would have ye? if you love me, leave us quietly; they shan't force me, I warrant you, to marry Sir *John*.

Num. If I love you? yes, I love you, to be sure; or else what makes me in this Fury, think you? — Heark ye, Mr. Sir *John*, an you be a Man, turn out here. — Blood! I'll box ye fairly for Half a Crown, an ye dare.

Const. Box! Gentlemen don't use to box, ye Blockhead.

Num. Blockhead! you can't make a Blockhead o' me. Zoons, Sir! strip. — There lies my Doublet; come on, follow me, if you dare.

[Exit, doubling his Fist.]

Trusty. Odsheart, I thought we should never ha' got rid of the Fool. — Come, Sir *John*, take her by the Hand; you shall be married this Moment.

Bel. Indeed, Sir, you'll repent this hasty Wadding.

Trusty

Trusty. Lead her in, Sir *John*; I think in my Heart, there's nothing but Contradiction in Womankind. [Exeunt.]

End of the First A C T.

A C T II.

SCENE, Sir David's House.

Enter Faithful and Laura.

Faith. **H**E sent me in his own Coach, without knowing I am come to his House.---But, my Soul, let's not lose Time, but fly with me to a Friend's House, and consent to marry me instantly, and free thyself from this Jail.

Laur. Heavens! how I tremble, he'll be back soon.---This is the Closet he keeps my Writings in; if I leave them behind, it will be a hard Matter to get them out of his Hands.---

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O Madam! here's Sir *David* in a terrible Passion.

Faith. My Life, don't be frightened; seem not to know me, and humour what I say.

Enter Sir David, beating his Coachman.

Sir David. Ye blundering Dog, I order'd you to carry the Gentleman to his Inn.

Coach.

Coach. No, you didn't; you bid me carry him Home, I did so; and, Blood! I won't be beat.

Sir Dav. Zoons! Did I bid you carry him to my Home, Rascal? [*Beating him.*]

Faith. Why, what a pox, Madam, don't you know me again? Will you perswade me I did not lodge here last Night?

Laur. Know you, Sir! How should I know ye? I assure you, Sir, we don't let Lodgings.

Faith. This is very fine, i' faith! --- O! I have found your Trick; you have a Design to bilk me out of my Horses and Portmantua; but upon my Word, Madam, it won't take with me.

Sir Dav. No, nor with me neither, Sir.

Faith. O Sir! your humble Servant; I think I have seen you somewhere; I am in Dispute with my Landlady here, and she would fain perswade me I have mistook my Inn.

Sir Dav. Your Inn! Why, d'ye take this Lady for a Landlady, Sir?

Faith. O! I find she is offended at the Name of Landlady. Egad, you Country Gentlemen spoil your Hostesses, if they're handsome; but Faith, we make them know themselves in *London*. But, Madam, then, since it must be so, will your Ladyship call your Servants? — nay, 'gad, I'll have Attendance, I warrant you. Ho! Tapster!

So

So ho! House there! Zoons! I'll beat the Floor down, but I'll make you hear. — Hark ye, Mistress; Are you above your Business too? [To Lucy.

Lucy. Pray, Sir, know who you speak to; I'm none of your common Wenches.

Faith. Good lack! good lack! What, you're a fine Lady too, are ye?---Pray, Sir, sit down.---'Tis true, this is an extraordinary Inn; but take my Word, I'll make 'em know their Duty, before I go. So ho! Drawer! [Knocks with his Cane.

Enter Servant.

O Dogs! Rascals! Scoundrels! Is this the Attendance you give a Gentleman? [*Canes him.*] Fetch a Bottle of Claret, Sirrah; and bring Word what we have to eat.

Sir Dav. Bring the Devil! bring no Claret here.--How dare you strike my Servants, Sir?

Faith. They are my Servants, I think; I shall pay for what I call for. — Your Servants! --- ho! then I suppose you're the Landlord of this well regulated Inn. --- Pray, Sir, teach your Servants their Duty, or I shall take some Pains with you, as well as them. — Blood! ye Villain! why don't ye stir?

Sir Dav. Zoons, Sir! get you out of my House.--I find you're a Rogue.--I thought you'd been wounded, when I lent you my Coach? E *Faith.*

Faith. Wounded, Sir? why so I am.—
Was it your Coach? then I find you are not
my Landlord; --- excuse me, Sir.

Enter Manage, running.

Manage. Bless me, Sir! How came you
here? Sir *John* sent a Surgeon to the *Tal-*
bot, and not finding you there, nor hearing
where you was, sent me to ask this Gentle-
man's Coachman, where he drove you to.

Faith. Ha! Is not this my Inn then?
Bless me! What Indecorums have I been
guilty of! Upon my Honour, I thought
this had been my Inn. Pray Sir, excuse
me to the Lady.

Sir Dav. O Sir, don't trouble your Head
about the Lady.

Faith. Why, I'm a Gentleman, Sir.

Sir Dav. A Gentleman! and what o' that,
Sir?

Faith. And have an Estate to qualify me
to assume that Title.

Sir Dav. Zoons, Sir! Does that qualify
you to beat my Servants, and use my House
like a common Inn? and then tell me calm-
ly, and impudently, you're a Gentleman!

Faith. Upon my Life, I beg your Par-
don for the unlucky Mistake, and humbly
take my Leave. [Exit

Sir Dav. The Devil go with you.—
don't understand this Mistake tho'; I will
Laura had not seen him. I'll go-see if he
be gone.—Then there's that other Rogue
that

m.—— that Hunter of Simples, that serves an Officer.— A plague o' these rascally Officers.—
are not cer.— A plague o' these rascally Officers.—
But I have order'd the Smith to barricade
her Windows; --- but *Laura* must not see
him.---I'll call her into the Garden. [*Exit.*

SCENE, the Garden.

Enter Sir David, Laura, and Lucy.

Sir Dav. I brought thee into the Garden,
Laura, to breathe the fresh Air, after thy
Fright.

Laura. 'Tis the first I've breathed this
Twelvemonth. --- 'Tis well if it don't over-
come me. I know not what ails me, but
see you where I will, it always makes me
sigh.

Sir Dav. Good Lord! how we sympa-
thize! 'tis just so with me. Don't blush,
Laura; never be asham'd on't. Now I will
own the Truth. I have loved thee long;
dearly, extreamly, violently; as much, if
possible, as thou lovest me.

Laura. As I love you, Sir! why you was
never more mistaken in your Life; ---I hate
you mortally; I tremble with Antipathy,
at your Sight, your Voice, your very Name.

Sir Dav. O Lord! O Lord! But why so,
pray?

Lucy. O Sir! Let me speak, to save my
Lady's Modesty; she might blush to declare

the Reason of her great Affection: She's handsome, you're confounded ugly; she's gay, you're morose; she's young, you're fit to drop a-pieces with Age; her Teeth's as white as Snow, your single Tusk, prominent, is as rotten as a Pear; and your next Fit of Coughing, good-by to it.

Enter Faithful, like an Officer, and Manage.

Faith. Sir, having the Misfortune to break my Chariot, and chancing to walk this way, 'till 'tis put in order again, my Man here inform'd me, you entertain'd hard Thoughts of him, from some Discourse that pass'd between you in the Morning; so, Sir, I call'd in to clear his Character.

Sir Dav. Ha! this Rogue in red, is the Officer then; with that Hunter of Simples at his Heels; confound 'em both. — Sir, you gave yourself an unnecessary Trouble; I have no Business with his Character, nor yours neither.

Faith. Then, Sir, I will not insist farther; but I desire you would give me leave to take a Survey of your Gardens, they seem to me very elegant; I will have my own reform'd near this Model.

Sir Dav. Plague on ye, I wish you was under-ground in your Garden. — Go, get you in, Gentlewoman, go; sure he don't want to plant you in his Garden.

Man.

Man. [to *Lucy*.] Find some way to bring your Lady down again, pretend —

[*Exit Laura and Lucy.*]

Faith. Sir, I am sorry if I am the cause of your being angry with your Daughter.

Sir Dav. My Daughter!

Faith. I beg your Pardon, Sir; perhaps she's your Wife.

Sir Dav. She is, or shall be, Sir.

Faith. Sir, I applaud both your Choice and Conduct; 'tis below a Man to be rul'd by his Wife, or let her rattle about; receiving and paying Visits to half the Fops in Town. I should follow your Method exactly, if I had a Wife.

Sir Dav. Egad, I was certainly mistaken in this Gentleman; he talks like a civil, reasonable Man.——

[*Aside.*]

Enter Lucy, running.

Lucy. O Sir! Help! Help! you have undone us, ruin'd my poor Lady.

Sir Dav. Ha! What the Devil do you bawl at?

Lucy. Alas, Sir! my Lady is run mad; distracted; she no sooner enter'd her Room, but she saw the Smith barricading her Windows.——At the Sight of the Iron Bars, her wild Looks and sudden Starts convinced me her Brain was crazed; then she suddenly snatches an Iron Bar, and broke the Smith's Head; away run he; she cried out,

E 3

Victory!

Victory! and skip'd about like a Squirrel; sung and danced, stamp'd and rav'd; all in a Breath.—I would have shut her in, but she flew upon me like a Fury, and made me run for my Life.—Make the best of your Plot. [to Manage.

Sir *Dav.* Mercy on us! O the Devil! here she is! with my great Base Viol in her Hand.

Enter Laura, with her Cloaths in Disorder.

Man. Have a good Heart, Sir; I may give you a Sample of my Skill, in this Extremity, tho' you made flight of me in the Morning.

Laura. Who are you? a Blacksmith, ha? O! no! now I know you; you are a Singer; here's a part of the last new Opera; nay, take it, you shall all have Parts.—See, here's the *Italian Eunuch*; here's your Part. [Gives Faithful a Letter

Faith. What's here? a Letter?—Let me see.—[Reads.] *Faithful*, find a way to deliver me, or I shall be in Earnest, what I now act in Jest. I have broke the Closet have all my Jewels and Writings about me.—Yes, I will deliver thee.—Look, *Manage.*

Man. Sir, recommend me for a Witch to Sir *David*, and leave the rest to me.—

Faith. Alas, Sir! this is a pitiful Sight; I am concern'd for her.—I verily believe she

she is bewitch'd; I could wish you would consult my Servant upon her Distemper.—

Sir Dav. Has he really Skill in such Matters then?

Faith. No Man in the Kingdom more, I assure you: He has cured Hundreds in most Parts of *Europe*.

Laura. Hey day! how you stare at me! Did ye never see an old Woman before now? Time has been, when I was as handsome as you, I'd have you to know; but I married an old Fellow, and my Youth renewed his Age; which is the Reason I have so many Wrinkles in my Face. On my Conscience, there he stands! What, shall I be plagued with you to Eternity? you old crippled Cuckold, you? See how gloomy he looks, at being call'd Cuckold! yet he must marry a young Wife; ha, ha, ha.

Sir Dav. Mercy on us! how do such Things come in her Head?

Manage. Sir, I have consulted my Art, and I find she is certainly bewitch'd by an old Woman; 'tis a troublesome Spirit that is in her; if it is charm'd out of her, it must enter into some other. Pray, Sir, can you procure any one for that Purpose?

Sir Dav. Here's her Maid; Won't she do?

Man. It must be a Man, Sir.—Will you undertake it yourself?

Sir Dav. O Lord! What, have the Devil conjured into me? No, no,

Faith,

Faith. Well then, Sir; to do you Service, I'll venture.——But can you bring the Devil out of me again, *Manage?*

Man. Yes, yes, Sir; he is not half so hard to get out of a Man, as a Woman.—Stand still, I charge you.—I must limit you.—For your Life, don't cross this Circle.—Please, Madam, to sit down in this Chair.—Now, Sir, you must kneel down before her.---Closer,--closer yet. There, look full in her Face; clasp both her Hands in yours. So,—[pulls out a Book.]

Imparibus, meritis, tria.——

Sir Dav. Bless me! Is she possess'd with three Devils?

Man. *Pendunt, corpora, ramis.*——

Sir Dav. O Lord! What, three more Devils?

Man. *Dismas, et gestas, Dismas damnatur, gestas, ad astra levatur,*——Now Madam, recover. [Aside, to her.

Laura. Where am I? in a Dream? O *Lucy!* Is it you?

Sir Dav. She recovers.---How dost thou do, *Laura?*

Man. Death, Sir! keep in your Circle, or you'll spoil all.

Faith. Ha! my Blood boils; I'm all in a Flame; my Brain's all Sulphur and Fire! Make room there! I'll pull down the Marble Sky, and toss the Stars about for Rockets.——

Sir

Sir David. O he's stark mad! defend us from him! —

Faith. Ha! Who's that? old *Satbanas*? I'll blow him up. — No, he lives in Fire; that won't hurt him. — Bilbo will do the best. I'll stab him. — *Belzebub* wants his Dinner. I'll spit this Swine; the Devil shall glut himself with Hog's-flesh to Day.

[*Draws his Sword.*]

Man. Undone! undone! the Spirit grows too strong for my Art. Fly! fly! Sir, for your Life.

Sir Dav. Oh! oh! oh! save me! save me! [*runs in, and claps the Door after him.*]

Man. Now, Madam, make your Escape, before he returns.

Lucy. Ay, good Madam, be quick.

Laura. Any where, dear *Faithful*.

Faith. My Life! my Soul! come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Street, before *Trusty's Door.*

Enter Roger, with a Pitchfork and dark Lanthorn.

Roger. It will be main dark to Night; How shall I get Home? Adod, Master *Trusty* keeps rare nappy Ale. Well, a Pot in the Pate is a Mile in the Gate. —

Enter

Enter Sir Jeffrey Constant, in a Riding-Habit.

Sir Jeff. Holo! Friend, do you hear?

Roger. Ma'hap I do hear, and ma'hap I do not; and what then?

Sir Jeff. Nay, no great Matter, Friend. Is Mr. Trusty within?

Roger. Yes, Sir, I'll knock at the Door.

[Trusty opens the Door, and shrieks out, and claps it to again.]

Odswookers, what's the Matter now?

Sir Jeff. Was not that Mr. Trusty?

Rog. Sir, I think it was. [Clinch peeps out.]

O undone! here's my old Master come.

Roger. I heard a Noise, but can't hear what they said.---But come wi' me, I'll lead you in the back way.

Sir Jeff. What can be the Meaning of this?--- he started at sight of me; I took him always for an honest Man.--- Pr'ythee, Friend, knock again. [Roger knocks.]

Roger. I believe they are all asleep, Sir; I can hear nothing stir.

Sir Jeff. Asleep! that's impossible!--- But come, show me the back way you spoke of.

Roger. Ay; but, on second Thoughts, Are not you some Rogue, with half a Score Pistols under that Great Coat.--- Look ye, ma'hap you want to rob the House; and I'm an honest Man, and won't be drawn in

in for a Swing with you; so I'll not stir one Step, without you'll stand Search.

Sir Jeff. Why, you Rascal, do I look like a Thief? Sirrah, I shall break your Head, if you're saucy.

Rog. Break my Head, old Gentleman! and what must I be doing the while? You're a little out, mun; we don't use to take broken Hesds in our Country. I won't show you the back Door now, mend yourself how you can.

Sir Jeff. You may go about your Business, Friend; I know this House as well as you, and can find the Door myself.

Roger. Can you so? ---- I don't like this Fellow; --- ma'hap, 'tis a Thief; but I'll watch him. [Exeunt.

SCENE, the Inside of the House.

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Well, I am glad my Lady's married; I can't imagine what the Bridegroom will do, when my Master finds out the Trick. However, I'll not undeceive him; here he comes. — O Sir! I tremble ev'ry Limb o' me! Just now, going into the Parlour, a great swingeing Dog, as big as old *Hobson's* Stonehorse, claps his two fore Paws on my Shoulders, and stares me in the Face, with two Eyes as big as Horse-ponds.

ponds. I scream'd out, and whip, it vanish'd in a Trice.

Trusty. Heaven rest his Soul! 'twas certainly Sir Jeffrey!--- *Clinch.*

Enter Clinch.

Clinch. Sir, do you call?

Trusty. Did your old Master appear in the Shape of a Dog?

Clinch. Ay, Sir; a huge great Dog, as big as an Elephant.

Dolly. O then, it was him that I saw. --- O Lord! O Lord! if the House is haunted, I can't live in it: To be haunted with Spirits is a fearful Thing. If he was Flesh and Blood, it was something; but how should a poor weak Woman deal with a Ghost?

Trusty. Nay, I know not; for he frightened me terribly to Night.

Dolly. In what Shape did he appear to you, Sir?

Trusty. In his own Shape; but I wish I may never see him more.

Clinch. Did you observe, Sir, whether he had cloven Feet?

Trusty. Indeed, I know not whether he had any Feet, or not.

Enter Sir Jeffry; after him, Roger.

Ha! protect me, ye Powers! ---- avoid!
Satan. --- The Form thou hast ta'en, I never injured; so let him know.

[*Exit.*
Dolly.

Dolly. Oh! Heavens!

[*Exit.*

Clinch. Oh! ye Skies!

[*Exit.*

Sir Jeff. It seems I am become a Monster!
Pr'ythee, Friend, learn the Cause of these Disorders.

Roger. The Cause! nay, I see plainly you're the Cause; they was all in their right Senses just now: For my Part, I believe you're a Witch, or a Conjuror, and so I'll not budge a Foot, for fear you should get power o' me.

Sir Jeff. Sirrah, I believe you're the Devil; Why don't you get about your Business? What d'ye saunter after me for?

Roger. Nay! ---- Maister, an you go to that, What a De'l d'ye lounge to an agen about this House for? ——— O *Dolly!* are ye come? here's a queer kind of a old Gentleman here, wants I don't know what, with I don't know who.

Dolly. [*Trembling.*] Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ———

Sir Jeff. Hey day! What do you tremble for, Sweetheart? pr'ythee let Mr. *Trusty* know I would speak with him.

Dolly. I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, Oh, oh, oh, oh! Ro-- Ro-- *Roger*, ---- ha- have a ca- care, ---- kee-- keep him off; ---- don't let him to-- to-- touch you; no, not with his little Finger.

Roger. Why, what's the Matter? has he
F the

the Plague trow? or is he a Spy from the Spaniards? If he is, faith I'll maul him.

Dolly. No; he is worse than that; it is a Gho-- Gho-- Ghost!

Roger. O the Devil! keep off, *Satan!*---

[*Holds out his Fork at him.*]

Ods flesh! my Hair stands on End! ---

Keep your Distance, Mr. *Belzebub*, or---

Sir Jeff. *Belzebub!* I think *Belzebub* has possess'd you both.---- What a Devil do ye mean, Sweetheart? look well at me; Don't I appear like Flesh and Blood?

Dolly. Ay; bu- bu- bu- but we know- yo- you are not so, Sir.

Sir Jeff. Zoons! do I walk like a Spirit? do the Dead speak as I do? --- Feel me, Friend.

Roger. Mercy upon me! --- keep your Distance. Feel the Devil! --- stand off, or I'll stick your Ghostship into the Guts.---- Feel ye! with a Devil to ye!

Sir Jeff. Why, what a plague is the matter with ye? Pray, who told you I was dead?

Dolly. Those that knew very well.---- But I can't bear the Sight of ye any longer.--- Now you may speak. [*To Clinch.*]

Enter Clinch.

Sir Jeff. Distraction! Hell and Fury! --- Ha! who do I see? my Son's Man? how come you here, Sirrah?

Clinch.

Clinch. Save me, for Mercy's Sake!

Sir Jeff. What do you start at, Rascal, ha?

Clinch. But that I know you are dead, I durst swear you are alive.

Sir Jeff. You know I am dead, Sirrah! How dare you stare me in the Face, with such an impudent Lye? I find now who has raised this Lye; Where's that Rake, your Master?

Clinch. Heaven have Mercy upon me, and defend me! How should I answer a Spirit? The Parson within is an *Oxford* Scholar; *Roger*, go call him; ma'hap, the Ghost and he may understand one another.

Roger. I'll go this Minute; and then, if any Thing troubles his Mind, he may disburthen himself.

Sir Jeff. Sirrah, I'll break all the Bones in your Skin; I will, Sirrah.

[*Runs after Clinch; Clinch runs in.*]

Clinch. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Roger. Well run, *Clinch*; well run, Ghost. Adod, 'tis a plaguy mischievous Spirit.---- However, I'll venture to speak to it once more.---What is it disturbs your Sprite? tell me; I begin to find you was my Landlord, when you was Flesh and Blood; and I'll see you righted, as I am an honest Man.

Sir Jeff. I find I must seem to comply with this Fellow.----Yes, Friend, I would speak to Mr. *Trusty*.

Roger. Good lack! What, ma'hap your Soul won't rest else? --- But when you have spoken with him, will you haunt this House no more, look you?

Sir Jeff. No, I tell you ——— O the Devil!

Roger. Mercy on us! Are you the Devil, say you? O Lord! O Lord! --- keep off; don't move an Inch nearer: I'll knock.

Dolly. Who's there?

Roger. 'Tis I, Dolly. Tell Mr. Trusty, he must need speak to this Ghost, or 'twill never be laid.—Tell Master, if he'll come out, it shan't hurt him; for I'll keep it off with my Fork; and so let him fear nought.

Dolly. I'll tell him.

[Trusty looks thro' a Window.

Trusty. I tremble every Joint.— Why can't you rest in your Grave, Sir Jeffry?

Sir Jeff. Why are you thus imposed on Mr. Trusty? I am as much alive as you.--- This is my Son's Doings. [Weeps.

Trusty. My Heart misgives me; sure, this is no Ghost? Ghosts don't weep.

Sir Jeff. Give me your Hand, Mr. Trusty. 'Tis odd you will not touch me.

[Puts his Hand out.

Roger. Take care, Mr. Trusty.

Trusty. Why should I be afraid? I never wrong'd him.—Ha! 'tis a real Hand! --- I have been abused, grossly abused; your Son has

your
have
House
the
Devil,
off;
Trusty. You speak nobly, Sir Jeffry; ----
out, alas! my Daughter ---
Sir Jeff. What of her?
Trusty. Is married to your Son.
Sir Jeff. Go,--- you're not the Man I
thought you.---You are but a designing
Slave: You should have been as just to my
self, as myself; and not have juggled him
into a Marriage with my Slave.
Trusty. Sir, we are free born here; ---
but were I your Slave, she is not.--- And
since the Truth must out; know, she is no
child of mine, but my Lord Belvil's; in-
trusted to my Care in her Infancy: Her
father dying in her Birth, their Marriage
was conceal'd, out of Regard to my Lord's
father, whom he fear'd to offend. I have
brought her up as my own, for my Lord,
who settled a Thousand a Year on her;
which, with all its Improvements, I will
now deliver up to Captain Constant; and
ere they both come; --- and I hope they
will yet find you a Father.

Sir Jeff. As to that, Mr. Trusty, let him
take it; 'tis the last he shall have from me:

You have served me long, and, I believe,
honestly; I will not take the Advantage the
Law allows.

Trusty. You speak nobly, Sir Jeffry; ----
out, alas! my Daughter ---

Sir Jeff. What of her?

Trusty. Is married to your Son.

Sir Jeff. Go,--- you're not the Man I
thought you.---You are but a designing
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was conceal'd, out of Regard to my Lord's
father, whom he fear'd to offend. I have
brought her up as my own, for my Lord,
who settled a Thousand a Year on her;
which, with all its Improvements, I will
now deliver up to Captain Constant; and
ere they both come; --- and I hope they
will yet find you a Father.

*Enter Constant, Belinda, Faithful, and
Laura.*

Sir Jeff. Is it possible ! Od, Madam,
wish you Joy with all my Heart.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Dav. O! have I found you? Thieves
Picklocks! Scoundrels! ----I charge you all
in the King's Name, secure these Two.

Trusty. Why, in my Opinion, *Sir David*
they are secure enough; they're hamper'd
in the Chain of Matrimony.

Sir Dav. Married! the Devil they are
Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny....
I think you have robb'd me, Mistress.

Laura. Of nothing but my own, *Sir*
mark that.

Sir Dav. The Law shall decide that; and
so confound you both. [Exit Trusty]

Const. He's gone in a terrible Passion.

*Give me Belinda, and my Faults forgive
Dear Father; and I then begin to live.*

[Exit Constant, Belinda, Faithful, and Laura]

F I N I S.

THE
BRAGGADOCHIO:

O R,

His Worship, the CULLY.



L O N D O N:
Printed for A. JACKSON, in *Clare Court*,
Drury-Lane. 1741.

PERSONS who speak in the
B R A G G A D O C H I O.

Bellmour, } Friends.
Sharper, }

Sir Joseph Wittoll, a foolish Knight.

Captain Bluff, a cowardly Bully.



THE
BRAGGADOCHIO:

OR,

His Worship, the CULLY.

Enter Sharper and Bellmour.

Sir Joseph, and Bluff, crossing.

Sharper.



HO are them? they
seem inseparable Com-
panions.

Bel. What, don't you
know that Fool, with
a tawdry Out-side, and a beggarly Lining?
'tis Sir *Joseph Wittol*, of *Wittoll-Hall*, in
Comitatu Bucks; a Man of large Acres. A
little of thy Chymistry, *Tom*, may extract
Gold from that Dirt. He may be worth
your Acquaintance.

A 2

Sharper.

Sharper. Say you so? Faith, I am as poor as a Chymist, and would be as industrious. But what's he that follow'd him? Is not he a Dragon, that watches those Golden Pip-pins?

Bel. Hang him; no; he a Dragon! If he be, he's a very peaceful one; I can insure his Anger dormant: Or should he seem to rouse, 'tis but well lashing him, and he will sleep like a Top.

Sharper. Ay! is he of that Kidney?

Bel. Yet is adored by that Biggot, Sir *Joseph*, as the Image of Valour: He calls him his Back; and, indeed, they are never asunder. — Yet, last Night, I know not by what Mischance, the Knight was alone, and had fallen into the Hands of some Night-walkers, who, I suppose, would have pillaged him; but I chanced to come by, and rescued him. Tho' I believe he was heartily frighten'd; for as soon as ever he was loose, he ran away, without ever staying to see who had help'd him.

Sharper. Is that Bully of his in the Army?

Bel. No; but is a Pretender, and wears the Habit of a Soldier; which, now-a-days as often cloaks Cowardise, as a black Gown does Atheism. — You must know, he has been abroad; — went purely to run away from a Campaign; — enrich'd himself with the Plunder of a few Oaths; is the Drum of his own Praise; and, to pass more cur-
rent

rent, is dignified by the Title of Captain
Bluff.—But hush; yonder goes the Knight.
 I have no Business with him, tho' probably
 you may.--Farewell. [*Exit Bell.*]

Enter Sir Joseph Wittoll, not seeing Sharper,

Sir Jo. Um.—Ay, this, this is the
 very damn'd Place: The inhuman Canibals,
 the bloody-minded Villains, would have
 butcher'd me last Night: No doubt, they
 would have fley'd me alive, have sold my
 Skin, and devour'd my Members.—

Sharp. How's this? [*Aside.*]

Sir Jo. An it hadn't been for a civil Gen-
 tleman as came by, and frighten'd 'em
 away.—But agad, I durst not stay to give
 him Thanks.

Sharp. This must be *Bellmour* he means.--
 Ha! I have a Thought.— [*Aside.*]

Sir Jo. Zooks! would the Captain would
 come; the very Remembrance makes me
 quake: Egad I shall never be reconciled to
 this Place heartily.

Sharp. 'Tis but trying, and being where
 I am, at worst. Now Luck! [*Aside.*] Curs'd
 Fortune! this must be the Place; this damn'd
 unlucky Place.—

Sir Jo. Egad, and so 'tis.—Why here
 has been more Mischief done, I perceive.

Sharp. No; 'tis gone, 'tis lost.—Ten
 Thousand Devils on that Chance which
 drew me hither. Ay, here, just here; this
 Spot,

Spot, to me, is Hell ; nothing to be found, but the Despair of what I've lost.

[*Looking about, as in Search.*

Sir *Jo.* Poor Gentleman ! — By the Lord *Harry*, I'll stay no longer ; for I have found too. —

Sharp. Ha ! Who's that has found ? what have you found ? Restore it quickly ; or by —

Sir *Jo.* Not I, Sir ; not I, as I've a Soul to be saved ; I have found nothing but what has been to my Loss, as I may say, and as you were saying, Sir.

Sharp. O ! your Servant, Sir ; you are safe then, it seems ; 'tis an ill Wind that blows no Body Good. Well, you may rejoice over my ill Fortune, since it paid the Price of your Ransom.

Sir *Jo.* I rejoice ! egad, not I, Sir ; I'm sorry for your Loss, with all my Heart, Blood, and Guts, Sir ; and if you did but know me, you'd ne'er say I were so ill-natured.

Sharp. Know you ! Why, can you be so ungrateful, to forget me ?

Sir *Jo.* O Lord ! forget him ! — no, no, Sir, I don't forget you ; — because I never saw your Face before, egad ; ha, ha, ha.

Sharp. How !

[*Angrily.*

Sir *Jo.* Stay, stay, Sir ; let me recollect. — He's a damn'd angry Fellow. — I believe I had better remember him, 'till I can get out

of

Found, of his Sight; but, out o' Sight, out o' Mind,
egad.

Search. Methought the Service I did you
last Night, Sir, in preserving you from those
Ruffians, might have taken better Root in
your shallow Memory.

Sir *Jo.* Gads-daggers, Belts, Blades and
Scabbards! this is the very Gentleman!
How shall I make him a Return, suitable
to the Greatness of his Merit? — I had a
pretty Thing to that Purpose, if he han't
frighted it out of my Memory. Hem!
hem! — Sir, I most submissively implore
your Pardon for my Trangression of Ingrati-
tude and Omission; having my intire De-
pendence, Sir, upon the Superfluity of your
Goodness, which, like an Inundation, will,
I hope, totally immerge the Recollection
of my Error, and leave me floating in your
Sight, upon the full-blown Bladders of Re-
pentance; — by the Help of which, I shall
once more hope to swim into your Favour.

[*Bows.*

Sharp. So-h—, O Sir! I am easily pa-
cify'd; the Acknowledgement of a Gentle-
man —

Sir *Jo.* Acknowledgment! Sir, I am all
over Acknowledgment, and will not stick
to shew it in the greatest Extremity; by
Night, or by Day; in Sicknes, or in
Health; Winter, or Summer; all Seasons
and Occasions shall testify the Reality and
G Gratitude

Gratitude of your superabundant humble
 Servant, Sir *Joseph Wittoll*, Knight. Hem
 Hem!

Sharp. Sir *Joseph Wittoll*!

Sir *Jo.* The same, Sir; of *Wittoll-Hall*
 in *Comitatu Bucks*.

Sharp. Is it possible! Then I am happy
 to have obliged the Mirror of Knighthood
 and Pink of Courtesy in the Age. Let me
 embrace you.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord, Sir!

Sharp. My Loss I esteem as a Trifle, re-
 paid with Interest; since it has purchased
 me the Friendship and Acquaintance of the
 Person in the World, whose Character
 I admire.

Sir *Jo.* You are only pleased to say so,
 Sir.—But pray, if I may be so bold, What
 is that Loss you mention?

Sharp. O! term it no longer so, Sir. In
 the Scuffle, last Night, I only dropt a Bag
 of a Hundred Pound, which, I confess,
 I came half despairing to recover; but Thanks
 to my better Fortune. ———

Sir *Jo.* You have found it, Sir, then
 seems; I profess I am heartily glad. ———

Sharp. Sir, your humble Servant. —
 I don't question but you are; that you have
 so cheap an Opportunity of expressing your
 Gratitude and Generosity; since the refusing
 of so trivial a Sum, will wholly acquit you
 and doubly engage me.

Sir Jo. What a dickens does he mean by a trivial Sum? [Aside.]

But han't you found it, Sir?

Sharp. No otherwise, I vow to Gad, but in my Hopes in you, Sir.

Sir Jo. Humph.

Sharp. But that's sufficient.--- 'Twere Injustice to doubt the Honour of Sir Joseph Wittoll.

Sir Jo. O Lord, Sir!

Sharp. You are above (I'm sure) a Thought so low, to suffer me to lose what was ventured in your Service; nay, 'twas, in a manner, paid down for your Deliverance; 'twas so much lent you; — and you scorn, I'll say that for you —

Sir Jo. Nay, I'll say that for myself, (with your Leave, Sir). I do scorn a dirty Thing. But, egad, I'm a little out of Pocket at present.

Sharp. Pshaw! you can't want a Hundred Pounds. Your Word is sufficient any where: 'Tis but borrowing so much Dirt; you have large Acres, and can soon repay it. — Money is but Dirt, Sir Joseph; — meer Dirt.

Sir Jo. But I profess, 'tis a Dirt I have wash'd my Hands of, at present; I have laid it all out upon my Back.

Sharp. Are you so extravagant in Cloaths, Sir Joseph?

Sir 70. Ha, ha, ha ; a very good Jest, I profess ; ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest ; and I did not know I had said it, and that's a better Jest than t'other. 'Tis a Sign you and I han't been long acquainted ; you have lost a good Jest, for want of knowing me. --- I only mean a Friend of mine, whom I call, my Back ; he sticks as close to me, and follows me through all Dangers.---He is, indeed, Back, Breast, and Head-piece, as it were, to me. --Egad, he's a brave Fellow.----Pauh ! I am quite another Thing, when I am with him : I don't fear the Devil (bless us !) almost, if he be by. Ah---had he been with me last Night.---

Sharp. If he had, Sir, what then? he could have done no more, nor, perhaps, have suffer'd so much.---Had he a Hundred Pounds to lose? [*Angrily.*]

Sir 70. O Lord, Sir ! by no means. (But I might have saved a Hundred Pounds.) I meant innocently, as I hope to be saved, Sir. (A damn'd hot Fellow.) Only, as I was saying, I let him have all my ready Money, to redeem his great Sword from Limbo.--But Sir, I have a Letter of Credit to Alderman *Fondlewife*, as far as a Hundred Pounds, and you shall see I am a Person, such a one as you would wish to have met with.---

[*Gives it him.*]

Sharp. That you are, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*]
Why that's great, and like your self.

Enter

Enter Capt. Bluff.

Sir Jo. Oh! here a' comes.----- Ah! my *Hector of Troy!* Welcome, my Bully, my Back; egad, my Heart has gone a pit pat for thee.

Bluff. How! how! my young Knight? not for Fear, I hope; he that knows me, must be a Stranger to Fear.

Sir Jo. Nay, egad, I hate Fear, ever since I had like to have died of a Fright. But---

Bluff. But? Look you here, Boy, here's your Antidote; here's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking Fit.——But who hast thou got with thee? Is he of Metal?

[Laying his Hand upon his Sword.]

Sir Jo. Ay, Bully; a devilish smart Fellow; 'a will fight like a Cock.

Bluff. Say you so? then I honour him.-- But has he been Abroad? for every Cock will fight upon his own Dunghill.

Sir Jo. I don't know, but I'll present you.——

Bluff. I'll recommend myself.—— Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting: Sir, I kiss your Hilts.

Sharp. Sir, your Servant; but you are misinform'd; for unless it be to serve my particular Friend, as *Sir Joseph* here; my Country, or my Religion; or in some very justifiable Cause, I'm not for it.

Bluff. O Lord! I beg your Pardon, Sir; I find you are not of my Palate; you can't relish a Dish of Fighting, without sweet Sauce. Now I think,---

Fighting for Fighting's Sake's sufficient Cause; Fighting, to me's Religion, and the Laws.

Sir *Jo.* Ay, well said, my Hero! Was not that Great, Sir? by the Lord *Harry*, he says true; Fighting is Meat, Drink, and Cloth to him. But *Back*, this Gentleman is one of the best Friends I have in the World, and saved my Life last Night.—— You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay! Then I honour him again.--- Sir, may I crave your Name?

Sharp. Sir, my Name's *Sharper*.

Sir *Jo.* Pray, Mr. *Sharper*, embrace my *Back*.—— Very well.---By the Lord *Harry*, Mr. *Sharper*, he's as brave a Fellow as *Cannibal*; Are you not, *Bully Back*?

Sharp. *Hannibal*, I believe you mean, Sir *Joseph*.

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did, Sir. Faith, *Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow.---But, Sir *Joseph*, Comparisons are odious.---*Hannibal* was a very pretty Fellow in those Days, it must be granted.---But, alas, Sir! were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the Earth.

Sharp. How, Sir! I make a Doubt, if there be at this Day a greater General breathing.

Bluff

Bluff. Oh! excuse me, Sir; Have you served Abroad, Sir?

Sharp. Not I, really Sir.

Bluff. Oh! I thought so.——Why then you can know nothing, Sir. I'm afraid you scarce know the History of the late Wars in *Flanders*, with all its Particulars.

Sharp. Not I, Sir; no more than publick Letters, or Gazettes, tell us.

Bluff. Gazettes! Why there again now.--Why, Sir, there are not three Words of Truth, the Year round, put into the Gazette.——I'll tell you a strange Thing now, as to that.——You must know, Sir, I was resident in *Flanders*, the last campaign; had a small Post there; but no matter for that.--Perhaps, Sir, there was scarce any Thing of Moment done, but an humble Servant of yours, that shall be nameless, was an Eye-witness of;—I won't say, had the greatest Share in't: Tho' I might say that too, since I name no Body you know.——Well, Mr. *Sharper*, would you think it? In all this Time, as I hope for a Truncheon,---this raskally Gazette-writer never so much as mention'd me,-- not once, by the Wars;---took no more Notice, than if *Noll Bluff* had not been in the Land of the Living.

Sharp. Strange!

Sir *Jo.* Yet, by the Lord *Harry*, 'tis true, Mr. *Sbarper*; for I went every Day to Coffee-Houses, to read the Gazette my self.

Bluff.

Bluff. Ay, ay, no matter.—You see, Mr. *Sharper*, after all, I am content to retire,—live a private Person;—*Scipio*, and others, have done it.

Sharp. Impudent Rogue! [*Aside.*

Sir Jo. Ay, this damn'd Modesty of yours.—Egad, If he would put in for't, he might be made a General himself, yet.

Bluff. Oh! fy! no, Sir *Joseph*;—you know I hate this.

Sir Jo. Let me but tell Mr. *Sharper* a little, how you eat Fire once out of the Mouth of a Cannon;—egad he did! those impenetrable Whiskers of his have confronted Flames!

Bluff. Death! What do you mean, Sir *Joseph*?

Sir Jo. Look ye now; I tell you, he's so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluff. Pish! you have put me out; I have forgot what I was about. Pray hold your Tongue, and give me Leave. [*Angrily.*

Sir Jo. I am dumb.

Bluff. This Sword, I think, I was telling you of, Mr. *Sharper*.—This Sword I'll maintain to be the best Divine, Anatomist, Lawyer, or Casuist, in *Europe*; it shall decide a Controversy, or split a Cause—

Sir Jo. Nay, now I must speak; it will split a Hair; by the Lord *Harry*, I have seen it.

Bluff.

Bluff. Zoons, Sir! it's a Lye; you have not seen it, nor shan't see it: Sir, I say you can't see; What d'ye say to that now?

Sir Jo. I am blind.

Bluff. Death! had any other Man interrupted me. —

Sir Jo. Good Mr. *Sharper*, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharp. Captain, Sir *Joseph* is penitent.

Bluff. O I am calm, Sir; calm as a discharged Culverin; — but 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. — Nay, come, Sir *Joseph*; you know my Heat's soon over.

Sir Jo. Well, I am a Fool sometimes. — But I am sorry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir Jo. Come, we'll go take a Glas, to drown Animosities. Mr. *Sharper*, will you partake?

Sharp. I wait on you, Sir. Nay, pray Captain, ---- you are Sir *Joseph's* Back.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Joseph Wittol, and Capt. Bluff.

Bluff. And so, out of your unwonted Generosity —

Sir Jo. And good Nature, *Back*; I am good-natur'd, and I can't help it.

Bluff. You have given him a Note upon *Endlewife* for a Hundred Pounds.

Sir

Bluff.

Sir *Jo.* Ay, ay, poor Fellow, he ventur'd fair for't.

Bluff. You have disobligh'd me in't. — For I have Occasion for the Money; and if you would look me in the Face again, and live, go, and force him to re-deliver you the Note; --- go, --- and bring it me hither. — I'll stay here for you.

Sir *Jo.* You may stay 'till the Day of Judgment then; by the Lord *Harry*, I know better Things, than to be run through the Guts for a Hundred Pounds. — Why I gave that Hundred Pound for being saved, and d'ye think, an there were no Danger, I'll be so ungrateful to take it from the Gentleman again?

Bluff. Well, go to him from me. — Tell him, I say he must refund; — or Bilbo's the Word, and Slaughter will ensue. — If he refuses, tell him, — but whisper that; — tell him — I'll pink his Soul; — but whisper that softly to him.

Sir *Jo.* So softly, that he shall never hear on't, I warrant you. — Why, what a Devil's the Matter, Bully? Are you mad? Or d'ye think I'm mad? Egad, for my Part, I don't love to be the Messenger of ill News; 'tis an ungrateful Office, — so tell him yourself.

Bluff. By these Hilts, I believe he frighten'd you into this Composition; I believe you gave it him out of Fear, pure paltry Fear, I confess.

Sir Jo. No, no, hang't, I was not afraid neither; -- tho' I confess he did, in a manner, snap me up: Yet I can't say 'twas altogether out of Fear, but partly to prevent Mischief; — for he was a devilish choleric Fellow: And if my Choler had been up too, egad there would have been Mischief done, that's flat. And yet, I believe, if you had been by, I would as soon have let him ha' had a Hundred of my Teeth. — Ad'sheart, if he should come just now, when I'm angry, I'd tell him — Mum.

Enter Sharper.

Sharper. Sir Joseph, — your Note was accepted, and the Money paid at Sight. I'm come to return my Thanks. —

Sir Jo. They won't be accepted so readily as the Bill, Sir.

Sharp. This is double Generosity; — do me a Kindness, and refuse my Thanks. — But I hope you are not offended that I offer'd 'em.

Sir Jo. May be I am, Sir; may be I am not, Sir; may be I am both, Sir: What then? I hope I may be offended, without any Offence to you, Sir.

Sharp. Hey day, Captain! What's the Matter? You can tell.

Bluff. Mr. *Sharper*, the Matter is plain. Sir Joseph has found out your Trick, and do;

does not care to be put upon, being a Man of Honour.

Sharp. Trick, Sir !

Sir Jo. Ay, Trick, Sir ; and won't be put upon, Sir, being a Man of Honour.

Sharp. Hearn'e, *Sir Joseph*, a Word with ye.—In Consideration of some Favours lately received, I would not have you draw yourself into a Premunire, by trusting to that Sign of a Man there, — that Pot-gun, charged with Wind.

Sir Jo. O Lord ! O Lord ! Captain, come justify yourself. --- I'll give him the Lye, if you'll stand to it.

Sharp. Nay then, I'll be before-hand with you ; take that, Oaf. *[Cuffs him.]*

Sir Jo. Captain, will you see this ? Won't you pink his Soul ?

Bluff. Hush ! 'tis not so convenient now. --- I shall find a Time.

Sharp. What do you mutter about a Time, Rascal ? ---- you were the Incendiary. --- There's to put you in Mind of your Time. --- A Memorandum. *[Kicks him.]*

Bluff. Oh ! this is your Time, Sir, you had best make use on't.

Sharp. Egad, and so I will : There's a gain for you. *[Kicks him.]*

Bluff. You are obliging, Sir ; but this is too publick a Place to thank you in : But in your Ear ; you are to be seen again.

Sharp.

Sharp. Ay thou inimitable Coward, and to be felt — as for Example.

[Kicks him and Exit.

Bluff. ——— Very well ——— very fine ——— but 'tis no Matter ——— is not this fine, Sir *Joseph*?

Sir *Jo.* Indifferent, agad in my Opinion very indifferent. — I'd rather go plain all my Life, than wear such Finery.

Bluff. Death and Hell to be affronted thus! I'll die before I'll suffer it. [Draws.

Sir *Jo.* O Lord his Anger was not raised before ——— nay, dear Captain, don't be in Passion now, he's gone — put up, put up, dear *Back*, 'tis your Sir *Joseph* begs, come let me kiss thee, so, so, put up, put up.

Bluff. By Heaven 'tis not to be put up.

Sir *Jo.* What Bully?

Bluff. The Affront.

Sir *Jo.* No agad no more 'tis, for that's put up already; thy Sword I mean.

Bluff. Well Sir *Joseph*, at your Entreaty — but were not you my Friend, abus'd and cuff'd and kick'd. [putting up.]

Sir *Jo.* Ay, ay, so were you too; no Matter, 'tis past.

Bluff. By the immortal Thunder of great Guns, 'tis false — He sucks not vital Air who dares affirm it to this Face. [looks big.

Sir *Jo.* To that Face I grant you Captain — no, no, I grant you — not to that

H

Face

Face by the Lord *Harry* — if you had put on your fighting Face before, you had done his Business — he durst as soon have kiss'd you; as kick'd you to your Face — but a Man can no more help what's done behind his Back, than what's said — come we'll think no more of what's past

Bluff. I'll call a Council of War within, to consider of my Revenge to come. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Joseph and Bluff.

Bluff. Fear him not — I am prepar'd for him now; and he shall find he might safer have rous'd a sleeping Lion.

Sir Jo. Hush, hush, don't you see him?

Bluff. Shew him to me, where is he?

Sir Jo. Nay, don't speak so loud — I don't jest, as I did a little while ago — look yonder: — A-gad, if he should hear the Lion roar, he'd cudgel him into an Ass, and his primitive braying. Don't you remember the Story in *Æsop's Fables*, Bully? A-gad, there are good Morals to be pick'd out of *Æsop's Fables*, let me tell you that; and *Reynard* the Fox too.

Bluff. Damn your Morals.

Sir Jo. Prithee, don't speak so loud.

Bluff. Damn your Morals, I must revenge the Affront done to my Honour.

[*in a low Voice.*]

Sir Jo.

Sir Jo. Ay; Do, do, Captain, if you think fit — you may dispose of your own Flesh as you think fitting, d'ye see: — But by the Lord *Harry* I'll leave you.

[*Stealing off on Tip-toes.*]

Bluff. Prodigious! what will you forsake your Friend in his Extremity? You can't in Honour refuse to carry him a Challenge. [*Almost whispering, and treading softly after him.*]

Sir Jo. Prithee, what do you see in my Face, that looks as if I could carry a Challenge? Honour is your Province, Captain: take it. — All the World know me to be a Man of Worship.

*Pray give me Leave to keep my Carcase whole,
But Huff fight yourself with all my Soul.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

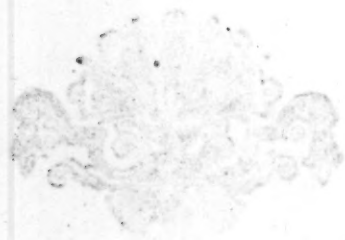


H 2

THE

think in — you may suppose of your own
— as you think fitting, & I feel —
— that I shall leave you
— following up on the same
— your friends, what will you for-
— your friend in his Exultancy? You
— in his own mind to carry him a
— challenge, I trust, and I trust
— to him —
— what do you see in my
— that looks as if I could carry a Chal-
— Honour is your Province, Captain
— — All the World know me
— as a Man of War —
— my own Honour, and my Country's
— the first fight, and I shall stay
— [Exeunt omnes]

F I N I S



THE

Feign'd Shipwreck,

OR, THE

IMAGINARY HEIR.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. JACKSON, in *Clare Court,*

Drury-Lane. 1741.

PERSONS who speak in the
FEIGN'D SHIPWRECK, &c.

Elder Loveless, a Gentleman of Fortune.

Young Loveless, his Brother.

Captain

Poet

Traveller

} Companions.

Savil, a Steward.

Morecraft, an Usurer.

A rich Widow, &c.



THE
Feign'd Shipwreck,
OR, THE
IMAGINARY HEIR:

*Enter elder Loveless, young Loveless,
and Savil.*

Young Loveless.



BROTHER, you'll hazard the
losing your Tide to *Gravesend*.

El. Lov. I go; but Brother,
what Course to live does your
Imagination flatter you with,
since *Morecraft* the Usurer has devour'd
your Land.

Young Lov. Ay, the Devil stick all the
Stones of it in his Throat; as to my
Course,

Course, I may be an Horse-Courser, I think, but lose no Time about that, he that busies himself about my Fortune, may be said to be busy about nothing.

El. Lov. Yet, the Man that means to live, must use the Means.

Yo. Lov. Why I'll take a Purse, or if that fail, I'll bet at Bowling Greens, or turn Stallion. I warrant I live, while unhang'd, and after, the Thoughts taken.

El. Lov. I see you have fixt on no particular Employment; well, to keep your Feet out of dangerous Paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your Care, *Savil*, to see him accommodated, not according to his present Circumstances, but to his Birth and former Fortunes.

Yo. Lov. If it be left to him, if I be not found in blue Devil's Breeches, and Carnation Jersey Stockings, roll'd round my Knees like Hog's Puddings, I'll never look ye in the Face again.

El. Lov. To keep him ready to do you all Service, peaceably, and you to command him reasonably, I leave you these farther Directions in Writing, which at your Leisure open together and read: Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveless, and Savil, (the Steward.)

Sav. By your Favour, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Yo. Lov.

Yo. Lov. I shall bear your Favour, Sir,
cross me no more:

I say they shall come in.

Sav. You forgot who I am.

Yo. Lov. Sir, I do not; thou art my
Brother's Steward, his cast-off Mill-money,
his Kitchen-Arithmetick.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so
little of me?

Yo. Lov. I make thee not so little as thou
art; for indeed there goes no more to the
making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*,
and then a reasonable *Item* infus'd into him,
and the Thing is done.

Sav. Nay then you stir my Duty, and I
must tell you —

Yo. Lov. What would'st tell me, how
Hops grow, or hold some rotten Discourse
of Sheep, or when our *Lady-Day* falls?
Prishee fare well, and entertain my Friends,
be drunk, and burn thy Table-Books; and
my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I —

Sav. Good Sir, remember —

Yo. Lov. I do remember thee a foolish
Fellow, one that did put his Trust in Al-
manacks and Horse-Fairs, and rose by
Money and Pot Butter, Shall they come
yet?

Sav. Nay, then I must unfold your Bro-
ther's Pleasure: These be the Lessons, Sir,
left behind him.

Yo. Lov.

Yo. Lov. Prythee expound the first.

Sav. I leave to maintain my House Three Hundred Pounds a Year, and my Brother to dispose of it.

Yo. Lov. Mark that, my wicked Steward; and I *dispose of it*.

Sav. Whilst he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my Credit fall not in him. Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

Yo. Lov. Nay, if it be more I shall fulfill it, while my Legs will carry me I'll bear myself Gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear Steward.

Sav. Next it is my Will, that he be furnish'd, (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the obedience of my People.

Yo. Lov. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin Breeches. Your Wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollify'd or you understand me Sir, proceed.

Sav. Next, that my Steward keep his Place, and Power, and bound my Brother's Wildness with his Care.

Yo. Lov. I'll hear no more of this Apocrypha, bind it by itself, Steward.

Sav. This is your Brother's Will, and as I take it, he makes no Mention of such Company as you would draw unto you Captains of Gallyfoists, such as in a clear Day have seen *Calais*, Fellows that have

more of God than their Oaths come to; they wear Swords to reach Fire at a Play, and get there the oil'd End of a Pipe, for their Guerdon: Then the Remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobaccc-Merchants, that set up with one Ounce and Break for three; together with a forlorn Hope of Poets, and all these look like *Carthusians*, Things without Linnen: Are these fit Company for my Master's Brother?

I will either convert thee (O thou *Pagan Steward*) or presently confound thee and thy Reckonings; who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir —

Yo. Lov. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my Master's Brother?

Yo. Lov. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a Face like an old Ephemerides?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, &c.

Sav. Then God help us all say I,

Yo. Lov. I, and 'tis well said my old Peer of France: Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads you're richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*. [*meaning Savil.*]

Capt. Sir, I will take your Love.

Sav. Sir, you will take my Purse.

Capt. And

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable Friend, and Master's Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy Fellow, and so we hug you Sir.

Sav. Has given himself into the Hands of Varlets, to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the Pieces?

Yo. Lov. These are the Morals of the Age, the Virtues, Men made of Gold.

Sav. Of your Gold, you mean Sir.

Yo. Lov. This is a Man of War, and cries go on, and wears his Colours —

Sav. In's Nose.

Yo. Lov. In the fragrant Field. This is a Traveller Sir, knows Men and Manners, and has plough'd up the Sea so far 'till both the Poles have knock'd; has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the Colour of his Horses, and their Kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more Sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough o' Conscience; sit down, and rest you, you are at the End of the World already, would you had as good a Living Sir, as this Fellow could lie you out of, he has a notable Gift in't.

Yo. Lov. This ministe' the Smoak, and this the Muses.

Sav.

Sav. And you the Cloaths, and Meat, and Money, you have a goodly Generation of 'em, pray let them multiply, your Brother's House is big enough, and to say Truth, h'as too much Land; hang it Dirr.

Yo. Lov. Why now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations and thy Rent-Books, thou hast a weak brain *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to Three Hundred Pounds a Year, we will be freely merry, shall we not?

Cap. Merry as Mirth and Wine, my lovely *Loveless*.

Poet. A serious Look shall be a Jury to excommunicate any Man from our Company.

Trav. We will not talk wisely neither?

Yo. Lov. What think you Gentlemen by all this Revenue in Drink?

Capt. I am all for Drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o'th' *Coram*.

Yo. Lov. It shall be so, we'll have it all in Drink; let Meat and Lodging go, they are transitory, and shew Men meerly mortal: Then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every Week a fresh one;
I we'll

Sav.

we'll keep no powder'd Flesh. All these we have by Warrant, under the Title of Things necessary; here upon this Place I ground it, the Obedience of my People, and all Necessaries: Your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident, that he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good Sir let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound Men as yourself.

Poet. This do I hold to be the Interpretation of it: In this Word necessary, is included all that be Helps to Man; Woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Yo. Lov. Believe me 'tis a learned one, and by these Words, the Obedience of my People, you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Cap. He is, he is.

Yo. Lov. Steward, attend us for Instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no House, Sir?

Yo. Lov. Nothing but Drink, Sir, three hundred Pounds in Drink.

Sav. O miserable House, and miserable I, that live to see it! Good Sir keep some Meat.

Yo. Lov. Get us good Whores, and for your Part, I'll board you in an Ale-house, you shall have Cheese and Onions.

Sav. What shall become of me, no Child

ney Smoking? Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home. [Exit.

Yo. Lov. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches, three hundred Pounds in Drink. [Exeunt.

Enter Loveless and his Comrades.

Yo. Lov. Come my brave Man of War, trace out thy Darling: And you my learned Council, sit and turn Boys, kiss till the Cow come home; kiss close, kiss close Knaves: My modern Poet thou shalt kiss in Couplets. Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping, this is no play for Fiddlers.

Cap. O my dear Boy; thy *Hercules*, thy Captain makes thee his *Hylas*, his Delight, his Solace. Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy Bounty clasp him in Samois: Let there be deducted out of our main Potation five Marks in Hatchments to adorn his Thigh, cramp't with this Rest of Peace, *I will fight thy Battles.*

Yo. Lov. Thou shalt have't Boy, and fly in Feathers: Lead on a March, you Michers.

Enter Savil.

Sav. O my Head, O my Heart, what a Noise and Change is here! Wou'd I had been cold i'th' Mouth before this Day, and

ne'er have liv'd to see this Dissolution. He that lives within a Mile of this Place, had as good sleep in the perpetual Noise of an Iron Mill; there's a dead Sea of Drink in the Cellar, in which goodly Vessels lie wreck'd, and in the Middle of this Deluge the Tops of Flagons and Black-Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th' Marshes.

Yo. Lov. What, art thou come? My sweet Sir *Amias*, welcome to *Troy*. - Come thou shalt kiss my *Helen*, and court her in a Dance.

Sav. Good Sir, consider.

Yo. Lov. Shall we consider, Gentlemen? how say you?

Cap. Consider! that were a simple Toy i'faith, consider! Whose Moral's that? The Man that crys consider is our Foe: Let my Steel know him.

Yo. Lov. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, he must not die yet: Prithee be calm, my *Hector*.

Cap. Peasant, Slave, thou Groom composed of Grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next Consider kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his Word in a Gallon of Sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a Snuff, make it two Gallons, and let him do it kneeling in Repentance.

Sav.

Sav. Rather kill me, there's but a Layman lost. Good Captain do your Office.

Yo. Lov. Thou shalt drink, Steward, drink and dance my Steward. Strike him a Hornpipe, Squeakers.

Sav. Sure Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me; break my Head, and let me go.

Cap. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lov. He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk, and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no Meat in a Year.

Poet. And three Quarters.

Yo. Lov. And three Quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

Enter Elder Loveless, disguised.

El. Lov. Gentlemen, God save you all, my Business is to one Master *Loveless*.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, and take his Inventory, he is a right one.

El. Lov. He promises no less, Sir.

Yo. Lov. Sir, your Business?

El. Lov. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loth, yet I am sworn to't; would some other Tongue wou'd speak it for me.

Yo. Lov. Out with it i'God's Name.

El. Lov. All I desire, Sir, is, th' Patience and Suffrance of a Man; and good Sir, be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lov. Then a Pottle of Sack will do, here's my Hand; prithee to thy Business.

El. Lov. Good Sir, excuse me; and whatsoever you hear, think must have been known unto you; and be your self discreet and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lov. Prithee dispatch me?

El. Lov. Your Brother's dead, Sir.

Yo. Lov. Thou dost not mean dead drunk.

El. Lov. No, no, dead and drowned at Sea, Sir.

Yo. Lov. Art sure he's dead?

El. Lov. Too sure, Sir.

Yo. Lov. Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lov. As sure as I tell it.

Yo. Lov. But art thou sure he came not up again.

El. Lov. He may come up, but ne'er to call you Brother.

Yo. Lov. But art sure he had Water enough to drown him?

El. Lov. Sure he wanted none.

Yo. Lov. I would not have him want, I loved him better; here I forgive thee; and i'faith be plain; how do I bear it?

El. Lov. Very wisely, Sir,

Yo. Lov. Fill him some Wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitory Toys ne'er trouble me, he's in a better Place, my Friend, I know't. Some Fellows would

would have cry'd now, and have curs'd thee, and faln out with their Mear, and kept a Pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, let God keep him; There's the right use on't, Friend. Off with thy Drink, thou hast a Spice of Sorrow makes thee dry: Fill another. *Savil*, your Master's dead, and who am I now *Savil*? Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe *Savil*, wipe, Tears are but thrown away; we shall have Wenches now, shall we not, *Savil*?

Sav. Yes Sir,

Yo. Lov. And drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes forsooth.

Yo. Lov. And you'll strain Courtesy, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I would be glad Sir, to do my weak Endeavour.

Yo. Lov. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Sav. In time the sturdy Oak, Sir.

Yo. Lov. Some more Wine, for my Friend there.

El. Lov. I shall be drunk anon for my good News: But I have a loving Brother, that's my Comfort. *[aside]*

Yo. Lov. Here's to you Sir, — this is the worst I wish you for your News; and if I had another elder Brother, and say it were his Chance to feed Haddocks, I should be still

still the same you see me now ; a poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my Friend there, he's dry again.

El. Lov. I shall be, if I follow this Beginning. Well my dear Brother, if I escape this drowning, 'tis your Turn next to sink ; you shall duck twice before I help you. [*aside*] Sir, I cannot drink more ; let me have your Pardon.

Yo. Lov. O Lord Sir, 'tis your Modesty : More Wine, give him a bigger Glass ; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chief Mourner.

Cap. And this my Pennon, Sir, a full Carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lov. I feel a buzzing in my Brains ; pray God I bear this out, and I'll n'er trouble them so far again. Here's to you Sir.

Yo. Lov. To my dear Steward, down on your Knees you Infidel, you Pagan ; be drunk and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lov. Then be a Bawd, I'll have thee a brave Bawd.

El. Lov. Sir I must take my Leave of you, my Business is so urgent.

Yo. Lov. Let's have a bridling Cast before you go. Fill a new Stoup.

El.

El. Lov. I dare not Sir, by no Means.

Yo. Lov. Have you any Mind to a Wench?
I would fain gratify you for the Pains you took, Sir.

El. Lov. As little as to th' other.

Yo. Lov. If you find but any stirring do but say so.

El. Lov. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that Itching, you shall assuage it, Sir, before another: This only, and farewell, Sir, your Brother when the Storm was most extream, told all about him, he left a Will, which lies close behind the Chimney in the matted Chamber; and so, as well as you have made me able, I take my Leave.

Yo. Lov. Let us embrace him all; if you grow dry before you end your Business, pray take a Bait here, I have a fresh Hogs-head for you.

Sav. You shall neither will nor chuse, Sir, my Master is a wonderful fine Gentleman, has a fine State, a very fine State, Sir, I am his Steward, Sir, and his Man.

El. Lov. Wou'd you were your own, Sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewell, Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lov. What wou'd you with me, Sir.

Sav. Farewell, Gentleman.

El.

El. Lov. O Sleep Sir, Sleep. [*Exit E. Lov.*]

Yo. Lov. Well Boys, you see what's fallen, let's in, and drink, and give Thanks for it.

Sav. Let's give Thanks for it.

Yo. Lov. Drunk as I live.

Sav. Drunk as I live, Boys.

Yo. Lov. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine Office, and cast up a Reckoning of some Weight; I will be knighted, for my State will bear it, 'tis Sixteen Hundred Boys: Off with your Husks, I'll skin you all in Sattin.

Capt. O sweet *Loveless*!

Sav. All in Satin! O sweet *Loveless*!

Yo. Lo. March in my noble Compeers: and this my Countess, shall be led by two; and so proceed we to the Will. [*Exeunt*]

P. Now our young Heir, may give a Loose to his wild Humour, you see his Spirit is not depress'd with Grief; he scorns to dissemble the Appearance of Sorrow.

M. No, such transitory Toys as drowned Brothers, will not move him: But pray, let's hear a little more of him.

P. Now he's gone to *Morecraft* the Usurer, (the same who devour'd his own Land) to borrow Money to be knighted, attended by *Savil* and his Comrades, where he finds a rich Widow. Now observe, the *Master* had told *Savil* a Moment before to be silent, he had no Money, not a Penny, his Master was a sun-perish'd Man, but *Savil* telling him 'twas his Brother was sunk and drown'd at Sea, his Note was chang'd and he accosts him thus:

Mar

Enter Morecraft, Loveless, and his Companions and the Widow.

Mor. My notable dear Friend, and worthy Master *Loveless*, and now Right Worshipfull, all Joy and welcome.

Yo. Lov. Thanks to my dear Encloser, Master *Morecraft*; prithee old Angel-Gold, salute my Family, I'll do as much for your's: This, and your own Desires, fair Gentlewomen [*Kissing the Widow.*]

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lov. Dead, and by this time sours'd for Ember-Week.

Mor. Dead.

Yo. Lov. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea, Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall hear more.

Mor. Now by my Faith of my Body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Afs, and weep for the Dead? Why I thought nothing but a general Inundation would have mov'd thee, prithee be quiet, he hath left his Land behind him.

Mor. O has he so?

Yo. Lov. Yes faith, I thank him for't, I have all Boy; hast any ready Money?

Mor. Will you sell, Sir?

Yo. Lov.

Yo. Lov. Not out-right, good Gripe; marry, a Mortgage; or such a slight Security.

Mor. I have no Money, Sir, for Mortgage; if you will sell; and all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sav. Good Sir look before you, he'll work you out of all else: If you sell all your Land, you have sold your Country, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your Teeth with Biscuits and hard Beef, that must have watering, Sir; and where's your 300 Pounds a Year in Drink then? If you'll turn up the *Streights* you may, for you have no Calling for Drink there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your Ship Sides, and then if you scape with Life, and take a Faggot Boat and a Bottle of Usquebaugh, come home, poor Man, like a Tipe of *Thames-street*, stinking of Pitch and poor John. I cannot tell, Sir, I would be loth to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd Mongril, and were it not against the Peace of my sovereign Friend here, I would break your Forecasting, Coxcomb, Dog I would, even with thy Staff of Office there.

Thy Pen and Inkhorn, noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fed thee well, take Money for thy Dirt: Hark and believe,
thine

thou art cold of Constitution, thy Seat un-
 healthful, sell and be wise; we are three
 that will adorn thee, and live according to
 thine own Heart, Child; Mirth shall be
 only ours, and only ours shall be the black-
 ey'd Beauties of the Time, Money makes
 Men immortal:

Poet. Do what you will; 'tis the noblest
 Course; then you may live without the
 Charge of People, only we four will make
 a Family; ay, and an Age that will beget
 new Annals, in which I'll write thy Life,
 my Son of Pleasure, equal with *Nero* and
Caligula.

Yo. Lov. What Men were they, Captain.

Capt. Two roaring Boys of *Rome*, that
 made all split.

Yo. Lov. Come Sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell, Sir?

Yo. Lov. Who told you so, Sir?

Sav. Good Sir have a Care.

Yo. Lov. Peace, or I'll tack your Tongue
 up to your Roof. What Money, speak?

Mor. Six thousand Pound, Sir.

Capt. Take it; h'as overbidden by the
 Sun; bind him to his Bargain quickly.

Yo. Lov. Come strike me Luck with
 Earnest, and draw the Writings.

Mor. There's a God's Penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old Master's Sake let
 my Farm be excepted, if I become his Te-

nant I am undone, my Children Beggars,
and my Wife God knows what: Consider
me, dear Sir.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

Yo. Lov. All in, all in; dispatch the
Writings. [*Exeunt with Comrades.*]

SCENE, *Loveless's House.*

*Enter Morecraft, Widow, Loveless, and
Comrades.*

Capt. Save thy brave Shoulder; my young puissant
[Knight,
And may thy Back Sword bite them to the Bone,
That love thee not; thou art an arrant Man,
Go on, the Circumcis'd shall fall by thee.
Let Land and Labour fill the Man that tills,
Thy Sword must be thy Plough, and *Jove* it speed.
Mecca shall sweat, and *Mabomet* shall fall,
And thy dear Name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lov. It shall Captain, I mean to be
a Worthy.

Capt. One Worthy is too little, thou
shalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I shall deserve some of
your Love too.

Capt. Thou shalt have Heart and Hand
too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me
Money. I am a Man of Garrison, be rul'd
and open to me those infernal Gates, whence
none of thy evil Angels pass again, and I
will stile thee Noble, nay *Don Diego*; I'll
woe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight
shall feast her with high Meats, and make
her apt.

Mor.

Mor. Pardon me Captain, you'r beside my Meaning.

Yo. Lov. No, Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captain's Meaning I should prepare her for you.

Capt. Or provoke her. Speak my Modern, Man; I say provoke her.

Poet. I say so too, Captain, or stir her to it: So say the Criticks.

Yo. Lov. But howsoever you expound it, Sir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for Witness [*Kissing her.*] And Widow, since you'r come so happily, you shall deliver up the Keys and free Possession of this House, while I stand by to ratify.

Wid. I had rather give it back again believe me, 'tis a Misery to say you had it, take Heed.

Yo. Lov. 'Tis past that, Widow; come sit down, some Wine there; there's a scurvy Banquet, if we had it. All this fair House is yours, *Savil*?

Sav. Yes, Sir,

Yo. Lov. Are your Keys ready, I must ease your Burthen.

Sav. I am ready Sir, to be undone; when you shall call me to't.

Yo. Lov. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all,
K 2 there's

there's half a dozen of my Friends in the Fields sunning against a Bank, with half a Breech among them, I will be with 'em shortly. — The Care and continual Vexation of being rich eat up this Rascal: What shall become of my poor Family? They are not Sheep, they cannot graze.

Yo. Lov. Drink, Master *Morecraft*, pray be merry all: Nay, an you will not drink there's no Society; Captain speak loud and drink: Widow, a Word.

Capt. Expound her thoroughly, Knight: — Here, God of Gold, here's to thy fair Possessions; be a Baron, and a bold one; leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed Men of War, live and be honest, and be fav'd yet.

Mor. I thank you noble Captain, for your Council. You keep your Chimnies smoaking there, your Nostrils; and when you can, you feed a Man of War, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare-one: And how or when you shall be fav'd, let the Clerk of the Company (you have commanded) have a just Care off.

Poet. The Man is much mov'd, be not angry, Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your Displeasure be a short Fury, and go out. You have spoke home, and bitterly to me Sir: Captain, take Truce, the Miser is a tart and witty Whoreson.

Capt.

Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie, the Wit of this Man lies in his Finger's Ends, he must tell all; his Tongue fills his Mouth like a Neat's Tongue, and only serves to lick his hungry Chaps after a Purchase: His Brains and Brimstone are the Devil's Diet to a fat Usurer's Head.——to her Knight, to her; clap her aboard, and stow her.——where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor Friend, and *Savil*, Sir.

Capt. Away, th'art rich in Ornaments of Nature, first, in thy Face, a betting Bargain, and saving Face, a rich Face, pawn it to the Usurer; a Face to kindle the Compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

Sav. 'Tis such as I shall not dare to shew it shortly, Sir.

Capt. Be blithe and bonny, Steward, Master *Morecraft*, drink to this Man of Reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'en to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downwards; would there were in't an Acre of the great Broom Field he bought, to sweep his dirty Conscience, or to choak him, 'tis all one to me, Usurer.

Yo. Lov. Consider what I told you [*to the Widow*] you are young, unapt for worldly Business; is it fit one of such Tenderness

derness, so delicate, so contrary to things of Care, should stir and break her Meditations, in the bare Brokage of a Brace of Angels? or a new Kirtel, tho' it be Satin? eat by the Hope of Surfeits, and lie down only in Expectation of a Morrow, and may undo some easy-hearted Fool, or reach a Widow's Curses; let out Money, whose Use returns the Principal? and get, out of these Troubles, a consuming Heir: For such a one must follow necessarily: You shall die hated, if not old and miserable; and that possess'd Wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to another's Hands, that is no more a-kin to you, than you to his Cousenage.

Wid. Sir, you speak well, wou'd to God that Charity had first begun here.

Yo. Lov. 'Tis yet time. Be merry, methinks you want Wine there, there's more in the House. Captain, where rests the Health?

Capt. It shall go round, Boy.

Yo. Lov. Say you can suffer this, [*to the Widow*] because the End points at much Profit, can you so far bow below your Blood, below your too much Beauty, to be a Partner to this Fellow's Bed, and lie with his Diseases? If you can I will not press you farther: Yet look upon him: There's nothing in that hidebound Usurer, that Man

of Mat, that all decay'd, (but Aches) for you to love, unless his perish'd Lungs, his dry Cough, or his Scurvy. This is Truth, and so far I dare speak yet: He has yet, (past Cure of Physick, Spaw, or any Diet) a primitive Pox in his Bones; and o' my Knowledge, he has been ten times rowell'd: Ye may love him; he had a Bastard, his own toward Issue, whipt, and then cropt, for washing out the Roses in three Farthings to make them Pence.

Wid. I do not like these Morals.

Yo. Lov. You must not like him then.

Enter Elder Loveless.

El. Lov. By your Leave, Gentlemen.

Yo. Lov. By my troth, Sir, you are welcome, welcome, faith: Lord, what a Stranger you are grown; pray know this Gentleman, and if you please, these Friends here: We are merry, you see the worst on't; your House has been kept warm, Sir.

El. Lov. I am glad to hear it Brother, pray God you are wise too.

Yo. Lov. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder Brother, and Captain do you compliment. *Savil*, I dare swear, is glad at Heart to see you: Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

Mor. This Money must be paid again, Sir.

Yo. Lov.

Yo. Lov. No, Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylor's Measures; I am well, I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has stew'd him in his own Sauce, I shall love him for it.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad; your Worship is the welcomest Man alive; upon my Knees I bid you welcome home: Here has been such a Hurry, such a Din, such dismal Drinking, Swearing and Whoring, it has almost made me mad: We have all liv'd in a continual Turnball Street: Sir, bless'd be Heaven, that sent you safe again; now shall I go to bed again.

El. Lov. Brother, dismiss these People.

Yo. Lov. Captain, be gone a while, meet me at my old Rendezvous in the Evening, take your small Poet with you: Mr. Morecraft, you had best go prattle with your learned Council, I shall preserve your Money, I was cozen'd, when time was, we are quit, Sir.

Wid. Better, and better, still.

El. Lov. What's this Fellow, Brother?

Yo. Lov. A thirsty Usurer, that supt my Land off.

El. Lov. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lov. Sir, to be Landlord of your House and State. I was bold to make a little Sale, Sir.

Mor. I

Mor. I am over-reach'd, if there be Law
I'll hamper you.

El. Lov. Prithee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a Fool I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of Cozening, home and spare, eat Radish till you raise your Sums again. If you stir far in this, I'll have you whipp'd, your Ears nail'd for Intelligencing, o'th' Pillory, and your Goods forfeit: You are a stale Cozener, leave my House; no more.

Mar. A pox upon your House, come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gam'ster.

Wid. Good twelve i' th' Hundred, keep your Way, I am not for your Diet, marry in your own Tribe, *Jew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Lov. 'Tis well said, Widow; will you jog on, Sir?

Mor. Yes, I will go, but 'tis no Matter whither: But when I trust a wild Fool, and a Woman, may I lend *Gratis*, and build Hospitals.

[*Exit.*

Yo. Lov. Nay good Sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good Word for me; she's rich, and may renew me and my Fortunes.

El. Lov. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here's a poor distress'd younger Brother ———

Wid. You do him wrong, Sir, he's a Knight.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. I cry you Mercy: Yet 'tis no Matter, his Knighthood is no Inheritance, I take it; whatsoever he is, he is your Servant, or wou'd be, Lady. Faith, be not merciless, but make a Man; he's young and handsome, tho' he be my Brother, and his Observance may deserve your Love: He shall not fail for Means.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy Brother; and so much I credit your fair Language, that I shall love your Brother: And so love him — But I shall blush to say more.

El. Lov. Stop her Mouth. — I hope you shall not live to know that Hour when this shall be repented. Now Brother I should chide, but I'll give no Distaste to your fair Mistress. I will instruct her in't and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lov. Sir, every Day, now Spring comes on. [*Exeunt*]

Enter young Loveless and Widow, going to be married, with them his Comrades,

[*Musick playing*]

Wid. Pray, Sir, cast of these Fellows as unfitting your bare Knowledge, and far more your Company; is't fit such Ragged muffins as these are, should bear the Name of Friends and furnish out a civil House

you

you'r to be married now, and Men that love you expect a Course far from your old Career : If you will keep 'em, turn 'em to the Stable, and there make 'em Grooms, and yet now I consider on't such Beggars once set o'Horseback, will ride, how far you had best look.

Yo. Lov. Merry Companions, Wench, merry Companions.

Wid. To one another let 'em be Companions, but good Sir, not to you, you should be civil, and shake of these base Attendantts.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer; if he be civil, not your Sugar, nor Raisins, shall sweeten the Captain to live with him, be civil!

Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; say, that's the next. If he be civil once, I will not take two Hundred a Year to live with him, be civil, you'r a sweet Counsellor!

Capt. If thou turns civil, Knight, as *Jove* foretend, get thee another Nose, that will be pull'd off, the Children thou shalt get on this Civilian cannot inherit by Law; and when grown up, may make Haberdashers, or Grocers, like their civil Dam there.

Yo. Lov. I wonder, Sweet-heart you will offer this, you do not know the Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy; I had rather cast you off by the Way of Charge; the Fellows

lows consume nothing but Corn and Water: I will engage to keep these Creatures on a Competency for two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so, Sir, you have my liking, if they eat less I shall not be offended: But how these, Sir, can live upon Corn and Water, is a little unbelieving.

Yo. Lo. Why prithee, Sweet-heart, what's your Ale? is not that Corn and Water, my Sweeting?

Wid. Ay, my dear Knight, but where's the Meat to this, and Cloaths, that they must look for?

Yo. Low. In this short Sentence A L E, is included Meat, Drink, and Cloaths: These are no ravening Footmen, no Fellows, that at Ordinaries eat their Eighteen-pence thrice out, before they rise, and yet go hungry to play, and crack more Nuts than would suffice a dozen of Squirrels; besides the Din, which is damnable, I had rather be bound to a Boatman, and row, than live among such Rascals; but these are People of such clean Discretion in their Diet, of such a moderate Sustenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot Meat: Porridge is Poison, they hate a Kitchen as they hate a Counter, and shew but a Feather-bed they swoon, Ale is their Eating, and their Drink surely; which keeps their Bodies soluble: Bread is a Binder, and that
abolish'd,

abolish'd, even in their Ale, whose room fills an Apple, which is more airy, and of subtiler Nature; the Rest they take is little, and in that they have little Rest, for like Men of strict Order, they do correct their Body's with a Bench, or a poor stubborn Table, if a Chimney offers itself with some few broken Rushes, they are in Down; when they are sick, that's drunk, they may have fresh Straw, else they do despise these worldly Pamperings. For their poor Apparel, 'tis wore down to their Diet; now, they seek none, and if a Man should offer them any, they are angry, scarce to be reconciled, you shall not hear them ask a cast Doubler once in a Year, which is Modesty befitting my poor Friends; you see their Wardrobe, tho' slender, competent, for Shirts, I take it they are Things worn out of their Remembrance, lousy they will be, when they list, and mangy, which shew a fine Variety, and then to cure 'em, a Tanner's Lime-pit, which is little Charge, two Dogs and these, these two, may be cured for Three-pence.

Wid. You have half perswaded me, pray use your Pleasure; and my good Friends since I know your Diet, I'll take an Order Meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

L

Cap.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mighty
Lady, and if we perish then, our Sins be
upon us.

Yo. Lov. Come forward Gentlemen, to
Church my Boys.

And, after Marriage, Sweetheart, when I
[fail,

To give thee Kisses Store, give them no Ale.
Exeunt.

F I N I S.



THE
Guardians over-reached.

IN THEIR
OWN HUMOUR:

OR, THE
LOVER METAMORPHOS'D.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. JACKSON, in *Clare Court,*
Drury-Lane. 1741.

THE



PERSONS who speak in the
GUARDIANS OVER-REACH'D.

M E N.

Colonel *Fainwell*.
Freeman, a Merchant.
Sir Philip Modelove, a Beau.
Periwinkle, a Virtuoso.
Trade-love, a Broker.
Obadia Prim, a Quaker.
Simon Pure, a Quaker.
Sackbut, a Vintner.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Lovely, a great Fortune.
Mrs. Prim, Wife to *Prim*.
Servants, &c.

S C E N E, *London*.





THE
Guardians over-reached
IN THEIR
OWN HUMOUR.

SCENE, a Tavern.

Enter Freeman, Col. Fainwell and Sackbut.



A C K. Sir, I am as glad to see you, as I should a Hundred Ton of *French* Claret Custom free; but methinks you don't look merry, Colonel.

Free. He has got a Woman in his Head; Landlord, and is reduced to the miserable Condition of a Lover.

Sack. Pish; push her home, Colonel, there's no parlying with that Sex.

Col. Were the Lady her own Mistress I have some Reason to believe I should soon command in chief, you know Mrs. *Ann* Lovely, Mr. *Sackbut*.

L 3

Sack.

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor *Nancy*, I have carried her to School many a frosty Morning; alas, if she be the Woman, I pity you Colonel: Her Father, my old Master, was such a whimsical-temper'd Man, that he hated Posterity, and wished the World might expire with himself, and if this his only Daughter had been a Boy he would have qualified him for the Opera.

Col. A very strange Humour in a Father.

Sack. He died worth Thirty Thousand Pound, which he gave by Will to his Daughter, provided she married with the Consent of the four Guardians he appointed her, whose Tempers are as opposite as Light and Darkness, three Months in the Year she is subject to each of their Humours; she is just come from the *Bath*.

Col. 'Twas there I saw her.

Sack. Ay, Sir, the last Quarter was her Beau Guardian's, she appears in all publick Places during his Reign; he has *May* in his Fancy and Dress, but *December* in his Face and Heels, admires new *French* Fashions, Opera's, Balls, Masquerades, and is always the most tawdry of the whole Circle on a Birth-day.

Free. The second is a 'Change Broker, that will out-lie the Devil for the Advantage of Stock, and cheat the Father that got him in a Bargain, a great Admirer of the
Dutch

Dutch Management in Trade, and hates every Thing that wears a Sword. The third is a kind of a *Virtuosi*, a silly, half-witted, positive, surly Fellow, fond of all Things antique and foreign, wears his Cloaths in the last Century Fashion, dotes upon Travellers, and believes in *Gulliver*, and keeps *Cruso's* steeple Hat among his Rarities.

Col. This must be a rare Fellow.

Sack. And the fourth is a very rigid Quaker, whose Quarter began this Day, I saw Mrs. *Lovely* go in two Hours ago, Sir *Philip* set her down. What think you Colonel, is not the poor Lady to be pitied?

Col. Ay, and rescued too, Landlord.

Sack. In my Opinion that's impossible.

Col. There's nothing impossible to a Lover; she bad me win her and wear her, I promised her to deliver her, and my Fancy tells me, I shall come off with Glory. You know all the Guardians Mr. *Sackbut*.

Sack. Very well, Sir, they all use my House, and I have so much Compassion for the Lady, I should be glad if I could assist you any Way.

Free. And whatever I can serve you in you may depend on. But what do you intend to do?

Col. Egad, I'll dress myself as fine as a Prince, and first attack my Beau Guardian. Where live's he?

Sack.

Sack. At *St. James's*, any Chairman can tell you where *Sir Philip Medelove* lives, you'll find him in the Park at Eleven every Day. Here's to your Success, Colonel.

Col. Freeman I shall expect you'll leave Word with *Mr. Sackbut* where one may find you upon Occasion. I am resolved to lose no Time. [Exit.

SCENE *the Park.*

Sir Philip upon a Bench with a Woman mask'd.

Sir Phil. Well, but my Dear, are you really constant to your Keeper?

Wom. Yes really, Sir — hey, dey, who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty Figure.

Sir Phil. Ha! a Stranger, by his Equipage so close at his Heels, — he has the Appearance of a Man of Quality — positively *French* by his dancing Air.

Wom. He crosses as if he meant to sit down here.

Sir Phil. He has a mind to make Love to thee, Child.

Wom. It will be to no purpose if he does.

Enter Colonel finely dress'd, three Footmen after him.

Col. Methinks I cut as smart a Figure, and have as tawdry an Air as any *French* Marquiss of them all. Sure I shall know my Beau Knight again, ay, yonder he sits making

making Love to a Mask, I faith I'll accost him with a *French* Grin and a Bow, and slip myself down by his Side; may I presume, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Sir, you honour me. ---- Are you resolv'd to be cruel then?

Col. She must be very cruel indeed, if she can deny any thing to so fine a Gentleman.

Wom. I never mind the out-side of a Man.

Col. Then I'm afraid thou art no judge of the inside.

Sir *Phil.* I am positively of your Mind, Sir, for Creatures of her Function seldom dive deeper than the Pocket.

Wom. Creatures of your Composition; have eternally more in the Pockets than their Heads *(aside.)*

Sir *Phil.* Pray, Sir, how says your Watch? mine is mute. *(pulling out his Watch.)*

Col. It wants just 9 Minutes of Twelve, Sir. *(puts up his Watch, and pulls out, his Snuff-box.)*

Sir *Phil.* If I may presume, Sir,

Col. You honour me. *(presenting his Box.)*

Sir *Phil.* This Snuff is excellent, and the Box prodigious fine; the Work is *French*, I presume, Sir.

Col.

Col. Sir, I bought it in *Paris*, and I think the Workmanship is tolerable.

Sir *Phil.* Tolerable! 'tis exquisitely fine, Sir; pray, Sir, if I may presume so far — What Country has the Felicity of exhibiting the finest Gentleman in the Universe? I presume you are of *France*, Sir?

Col. Then you don't think me *English*?

Sir *Phil.* No upon my Soul don't I. Pardon me Sir, this foggy Island is incapable of producing a Person of such fine Qualities.

Col. As this Mirror shall reflect Sir, (*holds a Pocket-glass to Sir Philip's Face.*)

Wom. I'm sick to hear these Coxcombs clawing one another—one can seldom, even get so much as Soop and Sallery, out of such Animals. (*Aside exit.*)

Sir *Phil.* Gad, Sir, — Will you leave us, Madam? ha, ha.

Col. She fears 'twill be only losing time to stay here. --- I know not how to distinguish you, Sir, but your Mien and Address speak you Right Honourable.

Sir *Phil.* Thus congenial Souls think of each other, but I am only adorn'd with Knighthood, I assure you, my Name is Sir *Philip Modelove*, descended from Count *Modelove of Fontainbleau*.

Col. One may plainly perceive it — there is a peculiar Gairty that is inimitable
in

in my Nation, (I own you judg'd rightly that I was a *Frenchman*) which distinguishes us every where. A Person of your noble Air and Figure would give Lustre to a Coronet.

Sir *Phil.* I own, Sir, I had the Offer of a Barony about four Years ago, but I abhor'd the Fatigue of attending the House of Peers.

Col. You're perfectly in the right, Sir *Philip* — a fine Person should not embark himself in the slovenly Concerns of the Publick — Dress and Pleasure are the only Objects proper for the Soul of a fine Gentleman.

Sir *Phil.* And Love —

Col. Oh! that's involv'd in the Article of Pleasure.

Sir *Phil.* Sir Your Sentiments are so agreeable to mine, we must have but one Soul — I must embrace you — may I crave your Name, Sir?

Col. My Name is *La Fainwell*, Sir, at your Service.

Sir *Phil.* The *La Fainwells* are *French* I know — I was sure you was *French* the Moment I beheld you — alas, this Island produces few such Ornaments.

Col. Oh! Pardon me, Sir *Philip*, this Island produces the finest Women in the World, such Symmetry of Shape, such Elegancy of Dress, such fine Features, such commanding Eyes and bewitching Smiles.

Sir

Sir Phil. By my Soul there are fine Women every where, I must own I have felt their Power in all Countries —

Col. I declare there is no Amusement, so agreeable to my Taste as the Conversation of a fine Woman, — are you marry'd, *Sir Philip*?

Sir Phil. No, Sir, I have the Honour to be very well with the Ladies, I assure you; and I won't affront a thousand fine Women to make one happy.

Col. Then I find I was very much mistaken --- I imagined you had been marry'd to that fine Lady which I saw in the Chariot with you this Morning in *Grace-church-street*.

Sir Phil. Who, *Nancy Lovely*? no, no, I'm a quarter of a Guardian to that Lady, her Father joined me with three of the most preposterous Fellows; and here's the Mischief he that marries *Miss Lovely* must have the Consent of us all four, or not one Penny of Portion, I am for a Man of Figure, and I declare I prefer you to all Men I ever saw.

Col. And I her to all Women. I wish I had your Consent, *Sir Philip*, I would try my Fortune with the Lady and your three Brother Guardians.

Sir Phil. With all my Soul, Sir, but do you really like Matrimony?

Col.

Col. I believe I could endure it, with that young Lady Sir.

Sir Phil. The only Point in which we differ --- But you are Master of so many fine Qualifications, that I excuse one Fault in so accomplished a Gentleman, do but step into *St. James's* Coffee-house, where we may have Pen and Ink, and I will not only give you my Consent under my Hand, but introduce you to the Lady and her Guardians whose Characters you shall hear as we go along [Exeunt.]

SCENE, the Tavern.

Enter Sackbut and the Colonel in an Egyptian Dress.

Sack. A lucky Beginning, Colonel, the Beau Guardian has not only given you his Consent, but recommended you to the rest, as a Person pick'd out of the whole Race of Mankind for his Ward.

Col. Yes, faith, and *Prim* advis'd him to shuffle me again, and bring no more of his Apes, the Stockjobber enquir'd what Business I follow'd, and the Virtuoso desired to know if I had travelled; to these Questions I answer'd as a fine Gentleman should, but now I am going to accost my Virtuoso in another Manner, shall I pass upon him, think you? Egad in my Mind I look as antique as if I had been preserv'd in the Ark.

M

Sack.

Sack. Pass upon him! Ay, ay, I warrant if you have Assurance enough, can you lie with a good Grace?

Col. I have no Apprehension from that Quarter, but where about is the Trap Door you mentioned?

Sack. There's the Conveyance, Sir, I hear him below, be ready. *[Exit.*

Col. Now if I should cheat all these roguish Guardians, and carry off my Mistress in Triumph. Odso here comes *Periwinkle* --- A duce take this Beard, pray *Jupiter*, it does not give me the slip and spoil all.

Enter Sackbut with Wine, follow'd by Periwinkle.

Sack. Sir, this Gentleman hearing you have been a great Traveller, and a Person of fine Speculation, begs Leave to take a Glass with you; he is himself a Man of a curious Taste.

Col. The Gentleman appears no less by his Habilliment; Sir, you are wellcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a Traveller, and Men of your enquiring Disposition; the Antiquity of your Habit is extreamly charming.

Col. Sir you have a nice Discernment --- This individual Habit was worn by the famous *Claudius Prolomeus*, who liv'd in the Year a Hundred and Thirty-four.

Sack.

Sack. If the whole Crop match this Sample, he shall lie with the Devil for a Beantack, and win it every Straw. [*Aside.*]

Per. A Hundred and Thirty-four ! why that's prodigious now ; ---- why I am laugh'd at here for my Singularity ——— this Coat you must know, Sir, was formerly worn by that ingenious and very learned Person *John Tradescant*.

Col. John Tradescant ! ——— Let me embrace you, Sir, ——— *John Tradescant* was my Uncle by my Mother's Side ; and I am very much obliged to you for the Honour you do his Memory ; he was indeed a very curious Man.

Per. Your Uncle, Sir, ---- no wonder your Taste is so refin'd, it runs in the Blood ---- Sir, my humble Service to you, to the immortal Memory of your transcendant Uncle. ——— A Person of your Curiosity must be possessed of many Rarities.

Col. I have some, Sir, as an *Ægyptian* Idol, a kind of Ape which they formerly worship'd in that Country, I took it from the Breast of a Female Mummey.

Per. Ha ha ! our Women retain this part of their Idolatry to this Day, many an Ape lies on a Lady's Breast, ha, ha.

Col. Then I have two Tusks of a *Hippotamus*, two pair of *Chinese* Nut-crackers,

one *Egyptian Mummy*, and a live Crocodile.

Per. I should be very glad to see that Crocodile.

Col. Sir, touching at *Rotterdam*, and hearing it was no Rarity in *England*, I sold it to a *Dutch Poet*.

But my Genius led me to things more worthy of Regard. I have seen the utmost Limits of this globular World; I have seen the Sun rise, and set; know in what Degree of Heat he is at Noon, to the breadth of a Hair, and can tell the Quantity of Combustibles he consumes in a Day, how much of it is turn'd to Ashes, and how much to Cinders.

Per. To Cinders? you amaze me, Sir; I never heard that the Sun consumed any thing — *Des Cartes* tells us —

Col. *Des Cartes* was an Ass; and his Followers bray'd in the same Tone, and knew nothing of the Matter. I tell you, Sir, Nature continually decays, tho' imperceptible to vulgar Eyes, sometimes his Rays destroy below, sometimes above — you have heard of blazing Comets, I suppose?

Per. Yes, Sir, I remember to have seen one.

Col. Those Comets are small Islands, bordering on the Sun, which are sometimes kindled into a Flame, by that illustrious Body

Body the Sun passing over them in its rapid Motion, which will at length occasion a general Conflagration.

Sack. One need not doubt the Colonel's Capacity i'faith; he has it at his Fingers Ends; he might keep a School, and teach the Art of Lying he has it so cleverly.

[*Aside.*

Per. Well, you Travellers see strange things; pray, Sir, have you any of those Cinders?

Col. I have; among my Curiosities, and several things beside worth your Attention: I have a Muff made of the Feathers of those Geese that sav'd the Capitol, and I have an *Indian* Leaf, when open'd will cover an Acre of Land, yet if you fold it up, you may put it into a Snuff-box.

Sack. Humph! that's a Thunderer.

Per. Amazing!

Col. Ah mine's but a little one, I have seen some of them that would conceal the *Spanish* Plate Fleet, and preserve them from the fierce Valour of the *English*.

Per. I admire our Merchants don't make use of them to screen themselves from the *Spaniards*, they would certainly find their Account in't.

Col. Look you, Sir, do you observe this little Vial; it is call'd *Polusfloscio*.

Per. It has a rumbling Sound.

Col. Right, Sir, it proceeds from a rumbling Nature — this Water was part of those Waves that bore *Cleopatra's* Vessel when she went to meet *Mark Antony*.

Per. Well, of all that ever travell'd, none sure had a Taste like you.

Col. But here's the Wonder of the World — This, Sir, is call'd *Zona*, or *Moros Musphonon*, the Virtues of this is inestimable.

Per. *Moros Musphonon* ! what in the name of Science can that be ? to me it seems to be but a plain Belt.

Col. Belt, Sir ! this plain Belt has carried me all the World over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean ?

Col. I mean as I say, Sir, when I am girded with this *moros Musphonon*, I am invisible, and by turning this little Screw, can be in the Court of the Emperor of *China*, *Prefter John*, or at the Pyramids of *Egypt*, thence to *Great-Britain* in as little time as your Barber can trim you.

Per. You must pardon me, Sir, I cannot believe you.

Col. If my Landlord pleases, he shall try the Experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you very kindly, but I have no Inclination to ride Post to the Devil.

Col. No, no, you shan't stir a Foot, I'll only make you invisible.

Sack.

Sack. But how if you cannot make me visible again.

Per. Come try it upon me, Sir, I am not afraid of the Devil, nor all his Tricks — Zbud I'll stand them all.

Col. There, Sir, put it on ——— come Landlord, you and I must face the East [*turns about*] is it on, Sir.

Per. Yes, 'tis on, [*they face about again.*]

Sack. Heaven protect me! where is he?

Per. Why here just where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the name of Virtue? Ah poor Mr. *Periwinkle*! — Egad look to't, you had best, Sir, and let him be forthcoming again, or I shall have you burnt for a Vizard.

Col. Have Patience good Landlord,

Per. But in Reality don't you see me now?

Sack. No more than I see *Prefter John*, or the *Egyptian* Pyramids.

Per. Are you sure you don't lye? I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ay, I wish I could see you! but this Wizard shall pay for it, if I live.

Col. Take off the Girdle, Sir, and convince this Infidel you are here [*takes it off.*]

Sack. Ay dear Mr. *Periwinkle*, I am glad to see you with all my Heart and Spirit.

Per. This is odd; certainly there must be some Trick in't. --- Pray, Sir, will you do

Sack.

do me the Favour to put it on yourself, but first I'll secure the Door.

Col. With all my Heart; --- you know how to turn the Screw, Mr. Sackbut?

Sack. Yes, yes, --- come Mr. Periwinkle, we must turn full East [*they turn, the Colonel sinks down a trap Door.*]

Col. 'Tis done, now turn. [*they turn.*]

Per. Ha! Mercy upon me, my Flesh creeps upon my Bones --- this must certainly be a Conjuror, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. He is the Devil, I believe.

Per. Oh! Mr. Sackbut, do you name the Devil, when, mayhap, he is at your Elbow.

Sack. At my Elbow! where, where, oh save me Mr. Periwinkle.

Col. [*from below*] Are you satisfied, Sir.

Per. Yes, Sir, yes, --- how hollow his Voice sounds!

Sack. Yours sounded just the same --- faith I wish this Girdle was mine, I'd sell Wine no more --- hark Mr. Periwinkle, [*takes him aside while the Colonel rises.*] if he would sell this Girdle, you might travel with great Expedition. Sir, what's the Price of your Girdle?

Col. It is not to be parted with for Money, Sir.

Per. I am sorry for it, Sir, because it is the greatest Curiosity I ever saw.

Col.

Col. By the Advice of a learn'd Gymnosophist at *Indostan*, I return'd into *England*; where he inform'd me I should hear of a Rarity in the keeping of four Men, which I was destin'd to possess, for the Utility of Mankind, and the first of the four that gave me his Consent, I should present him this Girdle. --- 'till I have found this Jewel, I shall not part with my *Zona*.

Per. What can this Rarity be, did he not name it to you?

Col. Yes, Sir, he call'd it a chaste young Virgin.

Per. Pish? Women are no Rarities, I never had any great Taste that Way, Women are the very Gewgaws of the Creation; what Women are there dress'd in all the Pride and Foppery of the times can boast of half the Beauty of one Box of Butterflies.

Col. No, that must be allow'd ——— for my Part, if it were not for the Benefit of Mankind, they are as indifferent to me as a Sparrow or a Flesh Fly.

Per. Pray, Sir, what Benefit is the World to receive from this Lady.

Col. Why, Sir, she is to bear me a Son, who shall restore the Art of embalming, and the old Roman Manner of burying their Dead; and for the Benefit of Posterity; he is to find the Longitude and perpetual Motion.

Per.

Per. Od these are curious things Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. He pours 'em out in a full Stream; and t'other swallows 'em down like Sack and Sugar. [*Aside.*] Certainly your Ward must be this Rarity, Sir, by her being under the Care of four Persons.

Per. By all Tokens it should --- Egad if I could get the Magick Girdle, I'd ride with the Sun, nay leave him a Semi-circle behind, and traverse the whole Globe in Twelve Hours. [*Aside.*] And are you to give this Girdle to the first of her four Guardians that shall give his Consent for you to marry that Lady, say you?

Col. I am so determined when I can find him.

Per. I believe I know the very Lady, her Name is *Ann Lovely*.

Col. He told me her first Name began with the first Letter, and her second with the eleventh of her native Alphabet.

Per. Did he really, well 'tis perfectly amazing that a Sage of *Indostan* should be so well acquainted with my Ward!

Col. Your Ward, Sir?

Per. To be plain with you, I am one of those four Guardians?

Col. Are you really, Sir? I am transported to find the Man who is to possess this *Moros Musphonon* is a Person of so exquisite a Taste --- here is a Writing drawn by

by that famous Gymnosophist, which if you will please to sign, you must turn your Face full North, and the Girdle is yours.

Per. If I live till this Boy is born, I'll be embalm'd and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. That you shall most certainly.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's Mr. *Stay-tape* the Taylor enquires for you, Colonel.

Sack. Who do you speak to, you Son of a Whore?

Draw. Why to Colonel ———

Sack. Get you out, you Rascal.

[Kicks him out and Exit.]

Col. This Dog has ruin'd all my Scheme I see by *Periwinkle's* Looks. *[Aside.]*

Per. Colonel! how finely I should have been chous'd. You'll pardon me noble Colonel, that I did not give your Title before — 'twas pure Ignorance, no Design upon my Word — hem, hem, pray Colonel, what Post had this learned Gymnosophist in your Regiment.

Col. A Pox of your Sneer *[Aside.]* I don't understand you, Sir.

Per. No, that's strange, I understand you Colonel — the Girdle, ha, ha, why what a Pack of Trumpery this Rogue has pick'd up, his Pagod, Polusfosboios, his Zonas, and the Devil knows what — ha! gone! — ay 'twas time to sneak off. So ho, the House

House [*Enter Sackbut.*] where is this Trickster, I'll *Indoſtan* him with a pox to him — I believe you had a Hand in putting this Impoſter upon me, *Sackbut*?

Sack. Who I, no Mr. *Periwinkle*, I ſcorn it, I ſuſpected he was a Cheat, and left the Room to call a Conſtable to ſecure him, I endeavour'd to ſtop him when he went out, but the Rogue made but one Step from the Stairs to the Door, call'd a Coach, leapt into it, and drove away like the Devil, as Mr. *Freeman* can teſtify, who is juſt come to Town and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Per. Send him in.

[*Enter Freeman booted and ſpurr'd.*]
Mr. *Freeman*, your Dreſs commands your welcome; I had like to have been impos'd upon here by the verieſt Rascal —

Free. Mr. *Sackbut* has told me the whole Story, Mr. *Periwinkle*; but I have ſomething of more Importance to tell you, — I lodg'd one Night at *Coventry*, and knowing your Uncle, I paid him a Viſit, and to my great Surprize found him dying.

Per. Dying! I hope he has made his Will, he always told me I ſhould be his Heir.

Free. I have heard you ſay as much, and therefore gave you Notice, I ſhould adviſe you to go down to Morrow Morning.

Per. I'll think upon it, in the mean time I give you many Thanks, and ſhould be glad of your Company to Dinner.

Free.

Free. I am oblig'd to be at *Jonathans* at two, if I dispatch my Business I'll wait on you.

Per. You shall be very wellcome. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel and Sackbut.

Free. Ha, ha, ha, — I have done your Business, Colonel.

Col. I overheard it all, tho' I am a little in the Dark.

Free. No Matter, I warrant we have him yet, but now you must put on the Dutch Merchant.

Col. A Duce of this trading Plot — by *Jupiter* I shall never go through it.

*But when both Gold and Beauty join to fire us,
The Devil's in't if Difficulties tire us.* [*Exit.*

End of the First Act.

SCENE, a Coffee House in 'Change Alley;
a Crowd of People with Rolls of Paper
and Parchment in their Hands, a Bar and
Coffee Boys waiting.

Enter Colonel disguis'd as a Dutch Merchant, afterwards Freeman and Tradewell.

Trad. Who is that Gentleman, Mr. Freeman?

Free. A Dutch Merchant just come to England; but hark you, Mr. Tradelove — I have a Piece of News will get you as much Money as the French King's Death did, if you are expeditious, I receiv'd this Letter just now from one that belongs to the Spanish Ambassador, read it.

N

Trad.

Trad. [Reads] *Sir, my Lord has this Moment receiv'd a private Express, that the Spaniards have took Georgia; if this Advice prove advantageous to you, I shall rejoice in the Happiness of obliging you; in the Evening the News will be publick.*

D. Diego de las Toras.

Trad. May one depend upon this, Mr. Freeman?

Free. You may, this Gentleman never deceiv'd me yet.

Trad. Sir, you much oblige me, egad I'll fish for a Gudgeon.

Free. [Whispers to two Gentlemen]

1st Gent. The Spaniards took Georgia? I don't believe one Word on't, Sir. [aloud.

2d Gent. Took Georgia! as much as we have took Madrid.

Free. 'Tis true I'll assure you, Sir, there's an Express come to the Spanish Ambassador.

1st Gent. Let it come where it will, I'll hold you Fifty Pound 'tis false.

Free. 'Tis done.

2d Gent. I'll lay you a Brace of Hundreds on the same.

Free. Done with you too.

Trad. I'll lay any of you a Brace of Thousands 'tis took.

Free. The Dutch Merchant is your Man to take in. [Aside to Trad.

Trad. Does he not know the News?

Free. Not a Syllable; he's plaguy rich, and fond of Wagers. *Trad.*

Trad. Say you so, egad I'll bite him if possible. — Came you from *Holland*, Sir?

Col. Ya Mynheer.

Trad. Had you the News of *Georgia* there.

Col. Wat believe ye mynheer?

Trad. What believe? why I believe the *Spaniards* has took *Georgia*.

Col. What *Duyvels* News is dat? tis niet waer Mynheer, 'tis no true *Zir*.

Trad. 'Tis so true, Mynheer, that I will lay you two thousand Pound on't — You'r sure the Letter may be depended on, Mr. *Freeman*. [Aside.

Free. Do you think I would venture my Money, were I not certain of the Truth. [Aside to Trad.

Cl. Two Duyfand Pond, Mynheer, 'tis gedaen, — dis Gentleman sal hold de Gelt.

Trad. With all my Heart, this binds the Wager. [Both give Money to Freeman.] Ha, ha, ha, I have snapt the Hogon-mogon, I faith, two thousand Pound, a good Days Work. Pray may I crave your Name, Mynheer?

Col. Myne Naem, Mynheer! myne Naem is, *Jan van Timtamtarelereletta Heer van Fainwell*.

Trad. Zoons, 'tis a plaguy long Name, I shall never remember it — *Myn van leralet Tym Tym* — What the Devil is't.

Free. O never mind his Name, I know the Gentleman, and will pass my Word for

that Sum: At present I must beg your Excuse, I am engaged at *Sackbuts*. [*Exit Free.*]

Trad. Sir your humble Servant, now I'll see what I can do upon Change with my News. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Sackbut's Tavern.*

Enter Colonel, Freeman and Sackbut.

Col. Ha, ha, ha, I have him, faith, he must either part with the Lady or two thousand Pound.

Sack. Ha, Joy to the Colonel, the luckiest Adventure in the World; looking over our Post Letters, here's one directed to *Prim*, from *Aminadab Holdfast*, at *Bristol*, giving Account of one *Simon Pure*, a Leader of the Faithful, arriv'd from *Philadelphia* and recommended to *Prim's* House; now you can personate *Simon Pure* —

Col. Ha, I understand you, get me a Quaker's Dress, and, *Freeman*, suppose you watch the *Bristol* Coach for the real *Pure*, and intercept him, or give me Notice; but first I'll dispatch old *Periwinkle*; let me see, his Uncle, Sir *Toby*, is an old Batchelor, 700 *l.* a Year in Abbey Lands, I *Samuel Pillage*, have been his Steward above 30 Years. I have it pat enough, now my great Coat and Boots [*puts on Boots and Coat*] so, so, fare you well, Gentlemen. [*Exit Col.*]

Free. Your Servant, Mr. *Pillage*, Success attend you.

Enter

Enter Tradelove.

Trad. O, Mr. *Freeman*, I am ruin'd, *Gabriel Skinflint* has been at the Embassadors, and is assur'd your News is false.

Free. I know it, I this Minute parted with my Friend, who protests he never sent me such a Letter; some roguish Stockjobber has put this Trick upon me,——I have lost 300 Pound.

Trad. What signifies your 300*l.* I have lost 2000 to that *Dutchman* with the cursed long Name,——the Devil, I could tear my Flesh,——for by my Soul I can't pay it.

Free. Ha, I have a Thought come in my Head——somebody told him you had a pretty Ward—he wished you had bet her, instead of your Money.

Trad. Ay, but he'd be hanged before he'd take her instead of the Money; the *Dutch* are too covetous for that, beside he don't know we are three more of us.

Free. So much the better, if he'll forgive you the Wager give him your Consent, 'tis not your Business to tell him it will do him no Service.

Trad. That's right as you say, propose it to him, extol her Beauty, double her Portion, lye heartily, and pray Heaven you prosper.

Free. I'll use my greatest Skill, farewell and fear nothing. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Periwinkle's House.

Enter Periwinkle on one Side, and a Footman.

Per. A Gentleman from *Coventry* enquire for me, — From my Uncle I warrant, shew him in. This will save me the Trouble and Expences of a Journey.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Sir, I presume you are Mr. *Periwinkle*.

Per. Sir, you are not mistaken.

Col. Alas, Sir, my Grief for the best of Masters tells you what Message I bring.

Per. I hope my Uncle, Sir *Toby*, is not dead.

Col. Yes, he is, Sir, and has left you Heir to Seven Hundred a Year, — I wish you long to enjoy it; but my Tears will flow, I served him Forty Years. Ay, he was a good Man; I was his Steward, my Name is *Samuel Pillage*, your Worship has heard of me, 'tis likely.

Per. Ay, I do remember my Uncle call'd you *Pillage*. Pray, Sir, when did my Uncle die.

Col. Monday last, about 4 in the Morning, he sign'd his Will about 2, and gave it me with a strict Charge to leave *Coventry* the Moment he expir'd, I have obey'd him Sir, and here is the Will. — O my dear Master.

Per.

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons. — don't grieve so, Mr. *Pillage*. — you shall hold your Place and every Thing else you held under my Uncle. — I profess you make me weep to see you so concern'd, alas, we are all mortal.

Col. We are so, Sir, and therefore I must beg you to sign this Lease, you'll find Sir *Toby* has taken particular Notice of it in his Will.

Per. A Lease for what?

Col. I rented an Hundred a Year of Sir *Toby* upon Lease, which expir'd at *Christ-mas*, and I desire to renew it for Twenty Years, that's all Sir.

Per. Very well, — let's see what he says in his Will about it; O here it is, " The " Farm lying — now in Possession of " *Samuel Pillage* — suffer him to renew " his Lease — at the same Rent." Very well, Mr. *Pillage*, I see my Uncle does mention it; and I'll fulfill his Will, — give me the Lease. — Let me see, — This Indenture — *Samuel Pillage* — to have and to hold — give me the Pen. — I doubt this is but a sorry Pen [*While he looks at the Pen, the Colonel changes the Lease and lays down the Contract*] but it may serve to write my Name [*signs it*] there's your Lease Mr. *Pillage*. Will you dine with me?

Col. Sir, I had rather not, I must make Haste down, to take Care of every thing, you

you will give Orders about the Funeral.

Per. I will send you full Instructions, Mr. *Pillage*, and give Orders for Mourning, but will detain you no longer now. [*Exit Pillage*] Seven Hundred a Year, I wish he had died Seventeen Years ago.——

What a valuable Collection of Rarities might I have had by this Time. I could have travers'd the Globe, and my Closet should have rival'd *Sloane's*. —— Odsso, I'll begin my Travels now, —I am but Sixty, my Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather reach'd Ninety, I have thirty Years good.——Let me see, what will Seven Hundred a Year amount to in—forty—no thirty Years, I'll suppose the least, seven times thirty is just thirty times seven, that makes Twenty one Thousand Pound, —a vast Sum of Money; I can easily reserve Ten Thousand of it for such a Collection of Rarities as shall make my Name famous, —and then when I dye, I bequeath them to one of our Universities, and be chronicled in the Front in Gold Letters, and make my Name as immortal, as e'er a *Radcliff* or *Woodward* of them all. [*Exit.*

SCENE, a Tavern.

Freeman and Tradelove over a Bottle.

Trad. Come, Mr. *Freeman*, here's *Mynheer Jan, van tim, tam tam*; I shall never think of that *Dutchman's* Name.

Free.

Free. Mynheer *Jan Van Timamtirelereletta heer van Fainwell.*

Trad. Ay, ay, *beer van Fainwell*, I never heard such a confounded Name in my Life. — here's his Health however.

Free. With all my Heart.

Trad. Faith I never thought to find so generous an Action in a *Dutchman*.

Free. Oh he has nothing of the *Hollander* in his Temper; but here he comes.

Enter Colonel dressed as the Dutch Merchant.

Col. Ha, Mynheer *Tradelove*, Ik ben sorry voor your Trouble, Ik sal you esie maeken, Ik vil de gelt niet hebben.

Trad. I shall forever acknowledge the Obligation, Sir.

Free. You know the Conditions, Mr. *Tradelove*, Mrs. *Lovely*.

Col. Ya, de Juffrow sal al te regt setten, Mynheer.

Trad. With all my Soul, Mynheer, you shall have my Consent to marry her instantly.

Free. Well since I am a Party concern'd, you Mynheer *Jan van Timamtirelereletta heer van Fainwell*, shall give a Discharge of the Wager under your Hand, and Mr. *Tradelove* shall give his Consent under his Hand to marry Mrs. *Lovely*, that's the Way to avoid rangling hereafter.

Trad. Ay, ay, so it is, Mr. *Freeman*, I'll give it under my Hand this Moment.

Col.

Free.

Col. And so sal Ik.

Trad. Here, Mynheer is my Consent as ample as I can give it; you must insert your Name, I know not how to spell it; I have left a long Blank for it.

Col. Ya Ik sal dat wel doen.—Daer Mynheer *Tradelove* ben your Discharge to. — Well, Mynheer, ye must meer doen, ye most myn voorsprake to de Juffrow.

Free. He means you must recommend him to the Lady.

Trad. That I will, and to the rest of my Brother Guardians.

Col. Wat voor den Duyvel heb ye meer Guardians.

Trad. Only three Mynheer. ha, ha, ha.

Col. Wat sal Ik you laugh maeken, myn betroken myheer, had Ik dat gewoeten, ik soud, eaven met you, geweest syn.

Trad. I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, Mynheer, and I'll introduce you to the Lady.

Col. Well dat is waer.

Trad. I'll go about it this Moment upon Honour. [Exit

Col. Ha, ha, he hugs himself with his good Fortune, but little thinks the Lucks o'my Side. Now for the Quaker. [Exeunt

SCENE, Prim's House.

Mrs. Prim, and Miss Lovely meeting, in a Quaker's Dress.

Mrs. Prim. Now Ann, I can look on thee, I have

I have work'd a good Work, and demolished thy heathenish Hoop, and spotted Face, if Heaven should mark thy Face with immoveable black Spots, would it not fright thee *Ann*?

Mrs. Lov. If Heaven should make visible the Spots of your Hypocrisy, it would fright me worse.

Mrs. Pr. My Hypocrisy! I scorn thy Words, *Ann*, I lay no Baits.

Mrs. Lov. If you did you'd catch no Fish.

Mrs. Pr. But I tell thee, *Ann*, if fishing be thy Design, thou wilt catch more in this plain Dress, than with all thy Fallals, and Fooltraps about thee.

Mrs. Lov. O la, is that the Secret of your Formality, I always believ'd there was more Policy than Piety in the plain Cap.

Mrs. Pr. Fye for Shame, thy Vessel is filled with the Corruption of filthy Plays and Romances, and strongly scenteth of the Lees of Fornication. Ay, I wish, *Ann*, thou art not too fond of the wicked Ones.

Mrs. Lov. Too fond of the wicked Ones! How dare you use me thus, you, you, you, unworthy Woman you. [*Bursts into Tears.*]

Enter Tradelove.

Trad. What in Tears, *Nancy*, what have you done, *Mrs. Prim*, to make her weep.

Mrs. Lov. Done! I admire I keep my Senses among you, but don't think I'll be always your Fool; no I'll wear what I please

please, go where I please, and keep Company with whom I please, and ask none of you Leave, — I will.

Trad. Indeed I think you'r in the right, Mrs. *Lovely*, you ought to have your Liberty, — and for that very Purpose I am come.

Enter Periwinkle and Obadiah Prim, with a Letter in his Hand.

Ob. Pr. This Letter is from *Aminadab Holdfast* of *Bristol*, it recommendeth unto us *Simon Pure*, a Speaker of the Faithful, peradventure he will be here this Night, and therefore do thou *Sarah* provide for his Reception.

Mrs. Pr. Thine Handmaid shall obey thee *Obadiah*. [Exit.]

Ob. Pr. Wherefore art thou in the Dumps, *Ann*?

Trad. We must marry her, Mr. *Prim*.

Ob. Pr. Yea verily, if we could find a faithful Yoke-mate, I should rejoice exceedingly.

Trad. I can recommend a Man that will dress her in all the Pride of *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa* and *America*: A Dutch Merchant my Girl.

Enter Sir Philip Modelove.

Sir Phil. You recommend; whenever she marries, I'll recommend the Man.

Per. No, Sir *Philip*, he shall be none of your Fops, with empty Scullis, thatch'd over

over with white Hair; no, he shall be a Man famous for Travels and Curiosity, a Man who has search'd into the Profundity of Nature: When such a one demands my Consent, he shall have it.

Ob. Pr. Look you, 'tis in vain to talk, when I meet with a Man that rightly deserveth her, he shall have the Maiden.

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Simon Pure* enquireth for thee.

Ob. Pr. I desire thee, Friend *Phillip*, thou would retire with thy Brother Guardians into that inner Room, Business requireth me here.

Sir Phil. O, Sir, we shan't trouble you. — Pox take him for a canting Clown. — Come Brothers. [*Exit 3 Guardians.*]

Enter Colonel in a Quaker's Dress.

Ob. Pr. Thou art welcome, Friend *Pure*, how doth our Friend *Holdfast*, and Friend *Keepfaith*, and all Friends at *Bristol*?

Col. They are all rich in Grace, I thank thee for them.

Ob. Pr. Friend *Holdfast* writeth me Word thou camest lately from *Pensylvania*; how do all Friends there?

Col. Friend, the Blessing of their good Works fall upon them.

Enter Mrs. Prim.

Ob. Pr. *Sarah*, behold our Friend *Pure*.

Mrs. Pr. Friend thou art welcome.

[*He salutes her.*]

O

Col.

Col. Here comes the Sum of all my Happiness, — how charming she appears even in that Disguise. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Why dost thou so attentively gaze upon the Maiden, Friend?

Col. I will tell it unto thee; in this my Travel, when I sojourned in the Night Season, I saw in Vision this Maiden, attir'd in the Mode of Vanity, standing on the Brink of Perdition, and lo! I heard a Voice which called unto me, saying — *Simon — Simon —* put forth thy Hand, and save her from the Pit, methought I stretch'd forth my Hand, and drew her from the Gulph, and behold the Damsel grew to my Side.

Mrs. Pr. O wonderful! What doth this Vision foretel, *Obadiab*?

Ob. Pr. It doth typifie the Conversion of the Maiden.

Mrs. Lov. That's false I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Wilt thou use the humane Means, Friend *Pure*.

Col. Means, what meanest thou, is she not thy Daughter, and one of the Flock of the Faithful, already.

Ob. Prim. No, alas! She is neither, but remaineth in the Tents of the Ungodly.

Mrs. Pr. Pray thee mind what this good Man will say unto thee, he will teach thee the Way thou should walk, *Ann*?

Mrs. Lov. I know my Way without his Instructions, I thought you promised I should

should be quiet, when I had put on this odious Dress.

Col. Then thou wearest it against thy Inclination, I perceive, Friend.

Mrs. Lov. Friend, thou hast said the Thing that is right.

Mrs. Pr. Ay, *Ann*, art thou not asham'd to mimick the good Man.

Col. Mind her not, she moveth not me. — if thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will try to soften her harden'd Heart.

Ob. Pr. Content, I pray thee put it home to her, come, *Sarah*, let us go.

Mrs. Lov. [*Catching hold of Prim, he breaks loose and exit.*] What do you mean, to leave me with this canting Enthusiast. Dye think, because I comply with your ridiculous Dress, to impose your Quaking Doctrine upon me.

Col. I pray thee Maiden moderate thy Passion.

Mrs. Lov. I pray thee follow thy Leaders — you will but lose Labour upon me.

Col. I am of another Opinion — the Spirit telleth me, I shall convert thee *Ann*.

Mrs. Lov. 'Tis a lying Spirit, I'll not believe it.

Col. Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my Angel. [*catching her in his Arms.*]

Mrs. Lov. [*skrieks*] Ah Monster! stand off, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Col. Hush! for Heaven Sake, dost not know me, I am *Fainwell*.

Mrs. Lov. *Fainwell!* — Oh I'm undone [*Enter Prim*] ha, *Prim* here.—I wish with all my Soul I had been dumb.

Ob. Pr. What's the Matter, *Ann*, why dost thee shriek out?

Mrs. Lov. Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry Murder or any Thing, to drown the Noise of this whining Babbler.

Col. No Matter, I shall calm her, I warrant thee; leave us I pray thee.

Ob. Prim. Fare thee well. [*Exit.*

Col. My dear charming Woman. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Lov. What meanest thou by this Disguise, *Fainwell*.

Col. To redeem thee from Captivity, if thou wilt perform thy Promise.

Mrs. Lov. Make me Mistress of my Fortune, and make thy own Conditions.

Col. This Night shall crown my Wishes, — See here, the Consent of three of thy Guardians already, and only second me, *Prim* shall soon make the Fourth. [*Prim steals in and listens.*]

Ob. Pr. I would gladly hear what Arguments our Friend useth to *Ann*.

Mrs. Lov. Thy Words give new Life, thou best of Men, Heaven meant to bless me sure, when I first saw thee.

Ob. Pr.

Ob. Pr. Ha, what do I hear — he hath
molify'd her — O Wonderful Conversion.

Ob. Pr. [*coming forward*] Oh what a pro-
digicus Change is here — *Anne*, how
dost thou like the Doctrine he hath
preach'd?

Mrs. Lov. So well, that I could talk to
him always methinks.

Ob. Pr. Verily it rejoices me, come
Friend *Simon*, take the Maiden by the
Hand —

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's another *Simon Pure* en-
quireth for thee, Master.

Col. The Devil there is. [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Another *Simon Pure*? is he any
Relation of thine?

Col. No, Friend, I know him not.

Ob. Pr. Bring him up?

Col. Then Impudence assist me, and if
it fails me I'm mistaken.

Enter Simon Pure.

S. Pur. Didst not thou receive a Letter
from Friend *Holdfast* concerning *Simon
Pure*?

Ob. Pr. Yea, and here stands *Simon
Pure*, Friend.

Col. And *Simon Pure* will stay here,
Friend, if possible. [*Aside.*

S. Pu. That's Untruth, for I am he.

Col. Take thou heed Friend, for I am

Simon Pure, thou would not rob me of my Name, sure?

Sim. Pure, Thy Name! I am astonish'd.

Col. Thou may'st be at thy own Impudence, [going up to him.

Sim. Pure, Avant *Sathan*; I defy thee and all thy Works.

Mrs. Lov. Oh he'll out-cant him, we're undone, ruin'd for ever.

Ob. Pr. One of these must be a Counterfeit in Verity.

Enter Servant, and gives a Letter to Prim who opens it.

Ob. Pr. This Letter saith, that thy Works are the Works of *Sathan*, read that I pray thee *Simon*, [gives it the Colonel.

Col. 'Tis *Freeman's* Hand — [Reads] There is a Rogue designs to rob your House, and cut your Throat to Night, he is disguised like a Quaker, you will know him from the real Quaker by the Mole on the Right Side of his Chin, make the right Use of this, *Adieu.*

Ob. Pr. Dost thou hear this?

S. Pu. Yea, but it moveth me not, that is the Impostor.

Col. Yea, as it appeareth by the Mole upon my Chin.

Ob. Pr. Verily, Friend, thou art the most impudent Villain I ever saw.

Mrs. Lo. Nay then I'll have a fling at him. [*Aside.*] I remember this Fellow with the Mole on his Chin at *Bath*; Ay, this is he that pick'd my Lord *Raffles* Pocket—don't you remember how the Mob punish'd you, Friend? go Friend, I advise thee not to tempt thy Fate any farther.

Ob. Pr. She advises thee well Friend, go about thy Business, and leave this wicked Course of Life, thou mayst not come off so favourably every where.

S. Pu. Yea, I will go, and return with such Proof as shall show thee, *Obadia*, thou art impos'd upon [*Exit.*]

Ob. Pr. What Works of Wickedness are in this World, *Simon*!

Mrs. Lov. What meaneth these Emotions within me, the Spirit and the Flesh fight-eth, yea, they buffet, this good Man hath spoken Comfort to me, yea Comfort I say, he breathed into my outward Ears, and it sunk into my Heart, yea, verily I feel the Spirit doth love him exceedingly—hum.

Enter Mrs. Prim.

Ob. Prim. O wonderful! the Damsel is filled with the Spirit, *Sarah*.

Mrs. Pr. I am greatly rejoic'd to see such a Change.

Mr. Lov. Something whispers in my Ears—yea, it telleth me I am a chosen Vessel

Vessel to raise up Seed to the Faithfull, and that thou, *Obadia*, must consent that I grow to his Side, and be one Flesh — hum.

Ob. Prim. My Heart rejoiceth exceedingly, I say, to perceive the Spirit within thee, behold it moveth thee, yea, it moveth thee with natural Agitation towards this good Man, yea verily, I say, it stirreth up thy Inclination as one would stir a Pudding.

Mrs. Lov. I see, I see, thee, good *Obadia*, lo he taketh up the Pen, and now behold he signeth his Consent; and now my Friend and Brother *Simon* is become Bone of my Bone, and lo I embrace him in the Flesh,
[*She embraces him.*]

Col. Yea, and I will take thee in all spiritual Love, for the Wife of my Bosom; — and now I feel a longing — yea, I do long exceedingly.

Mrs. Pr. The Spirit greatly moved them both — *Obadia* give thy Consent, resist not the Spirit.

Ob. Pr. Yea, the Light within sheweth me that I shall wrestle through those reprobate Friends thy other Guardians — thou art a chosen Lamb — the Spirit shall hedge thee into the Flock of the Righteous — fetch me the Pen and Ink, *Sarab*, and my Hand shall be guided by the Spirit — So give me the Instrument — here Friend *Pure*,
write

write thou what the Spirit dictateth, and I will set my Name thereunto. [*Colonel writes*

Col. There Friend [*gives the Paper.*

Enter Maid, running to Mrs Lovely.

Maid. O Madam, here's the Quaking Man with two more.

Mrs. Lov. All's ruin'd, undone.

Col. No, hush, one Minute sooner would have done it, but now — here's Company coming, Friend, give me the Paper [*going to Prim hastily*]

Ob. Prim. Here it is Simon, and I wish thee happy with the Maiden.

Enter Simon Pure, Coachman, &c.

Sim. Pu. Look thee, Friend, these People will satisfy thee that I am no Imposter, this Man did drive the Cattle, that drew us from Bristol —

Col. Look you, Friend, you may save your Lungs, — I plead guilty.

Enter the three Guardians and Freeman.

Ob. Pr. How's this, is not thy Name Simon Pure?

Col. No really, Sir, I have no farther Occasion for it.

Ob. Pr. O the Wickedness of the Age, I am struck dumb with thy Impudence — I am asham'd to see these Men —

Trad. Hark ye Mrs. Lovely, one Word with you, [*takes her Hand.*

Col. This Maiden is my Wife, Friend, and thou hast no Business with her.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Married to a Quaker, — there's a Husband for a young Lady.

Col. When I put on my Beau Cloaths, you'll like me better, Sir *Philip*.

Sir *Phil.* Thou wilt make a scurvy Beau, Friend.

Col. I have it under your Hand, you thought me a fine Gentleman 39 Minutes before 12 to Day, will you take a Pinch of Snuff, Sir, the Box is exquisitely fine.

Trad. Did not you tell me, Mr. *Freeman*, the *Dutch* Merchant would meet me here.

Col. O Mr. *Tradelove* don't be impatient, heb ye *Jan van Timamtirelereleta heer van Fainwell*, Vergeeten.

Trad. Oh pox of the Name, what am I trick'd too.

Col. Trick'd, Sir, I gave you Two Thousand Pound for your Consent fairly; and you have the Conscience to accuse a Gentleman of tricking you.

Per. Trick'd, quoth a, I don't know but this Fellow may be he that was sent to me from *Indostan*, by a Gymnosophist, ha, ha.

Col. The very same, Sir.

Per. Are you so, Sir? But your Trick would not pass upon me.

Col. No not then, as you say, your Time was not come; but you may please to remember *Samuel Pillage*, you was so good to sign my Lease; I thank you; but it was mentioned in Sir *Toby's* Will you know, ha, ha, ha.

Per.

Per. Well, and what signifies that Lease, I'm sure it was a Lease I signed.

Col. You read a Lease, indeed, but you signed this Lease for Life.

[*taking bold of Mrs. Lovely.*]

Trad. Well, Sir, since you have outwitted us all; pray who are you?

Sir Phil. The Gentleman is a fine Gentleman, and ———

Col. Look you, *Sir Philip*. Let me give an Account of myself. I have had the Honour to serve my King at the Head of a Regiment, and notwithstanding the Fortune this Lady brings me, whenever my Country wants my Aid, this Arm and a good Sword shall be at her Service.

In Love, and War, how exquisite the Charms!

When Beauty smiles, and Victory crowns our Arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



THE
SEXES MIS-MATCH'D;

OR A

New Way to get a HUSBAND!



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. JACKSON, in *Clare Court,*
Drury-Lane. 1741.



PERSONS who speak in the
SEXES MIS-MATCH'D.

M E N.

Sir John Frolick.
Thomas, his Son.
Frank, a Gentleman, his Friend.
Belmour, a Gentleman.
Jack Belmour, his younger Brother.
Ben, the Widow's Son.
Lancelot, Servant to Thomas.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Longfort, a rich Widow.
Maria, her Niece.
Winlove, disguis'd in Men's Cloaths.
Lucy, her Sister.
Dorothy, Sir John's Daughter.
Maids, Fiddlers, &c.

SCENE, Gibraltar.



THE
SEXES MIS-MATCH'D.

SCENE, *Sir John Frolick's House.*

Enter Sir John and Lancelot.

SIR *John.* Sirrah, no more of your *French* Shrugs, I advise you. If you be lousy shift yourself.

Lan. May it please your Worship.

Sir John. I say you cannot please my Worship, Sirrah, nothing will please my Worship, but to see my Son; bring me the Person of my Boy *Tom*, or as his Travels stile him *Monsieur Thomas*.

Lan. Then to answer you, punctually.

Sir John. My Boy or nothing; I say to the Purpose.

Lan. To the Purpose then; that your Worship's vulgar Apprehension may meet me midway. Your Son, my Master, or *Monsieur Thomas*, by the Influence of his auspicious Stars, in Spight of all the Assaults his Virtue met with, escap'd from foreign Dangers, and is at last arriv'd to ask you, as the *French* most sweetly say *Benediction de jour en jour*.

Sir John. Sirrah, none of your *Gibberidge* to me.

Lan. *Che ditt'a vou, Monsieur.*

Sir John. *Che degga vou, Rascal,* leave your rotten Language, you'r *du gatta whee's* and *jours* and in plain *English* tell me quickly, without your *ditti vou's* where your Master is, why don't I see him, answer me that, or I'll crack your *French Coxcomb*.

Lan. Sir, I said, and say again, that your Son, or rather my Master, and your Son, is now arriv'd, and if you will have it in the vulgar Phrase of your native Idiom, hasts to crave your Blessing, and here he is.

[*Enter Thomas.*]

Sir John. What *Tom*, wild *Tom*, welcome withal my Heart Boy, I am glad at my Soul, infinitely glad, why *Thomas*, I thank thee heartily for coming, I have pray'd too -

Tho. Then Sir, I find your Prayers prevail'd above my Sins, else I had perish'd, or retain'd my Rudeness, not been reform'd, or won to such Discretion as I hope you'll find.

Sir John. How's this? Reform'd! Discretion! a pox o'travel, I say, the Boy's ruin'd.

Tho. But Sir I trust, your own Experience in my After-Courses.[*Enter Dorothy.*

Sir John. Prithee no more, 'tis scurvy. There's thy Sister. Ay, he's spoil'd, undone without Redemption! his Spirit baffled in him; travel! my Dog shall travel next, and learn his *We Monsieur*, for sure I am
this

this fine reform'd Gentleman will never be in my Books like mad wild *Thomas*, my grand Curse on him who thus transform'd thee. [Exit.

Tho. Excellent Sister, how glad I am to see thee – but where's my Father?

Dor. Gone in a Fret at your suppos'd Conversion, for I am sure he is vext, and I know he has dreaded nothing more; but it seems, dear Brother, you had rather blind him with a false Shew, than indeed correct your Wildness.

Tho. No more of that, sweet Sister, thou see'st I can reform, and be mad again when I list; but where's my Mistress, how does she? I dye to see her.

Dor. Adieu then, Brother, for on my Life she will not see you; she has heard of all your Gambols, your mad Tricks, and your Mischiefs, your Wenches and your Brawls throughout your Rambles; and how they sound in modest Ears imagine? and tho' she lov'd ye well, and waited for your Reformation, the End for which ye travell'd, yet thus non-plus'd, no Wonder you have lost her.

Tho. Nay, prithee *Dolly*, no more of that, I will be civil; but would'st thou have me lose my Birth-right? if I am demure my Daddy will discard me, kiss me and be my Friend, we two were Twins, and shall we now grow Strangers?

Dor. Could I but once behold ye civiliz'd
I know your Nature sweet enough; but do
ye love her?

Tho. He lyes who says I don't, and I'll —

Dor. See there again, you will fly out, be
you but rul'd, and I'll do all I can. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Winlove and Lucy.

Lucy. Well, Sister *Charlot*, I can't ima-
gine where this Frolick will end, to disguise
yourself in Men's Apparel, and come a Hus-
band-hunting here to *Gibraltar*, 'tis such a
Whim —

Win. Why truly, Sister, I must own 'tis a
little unaccountable, but what could we do,
you know it was over with us in *England*.

Luc. Speak for yourself, Sister.

Winl. Nay, I'll keep you in Countenance,
the young Fellows, you know, had forsaken
us the worst Way, that is, did not think us
worth having, they neglected us, had no
longer Designs on us, and without them,
what is there in *London* more than here, to
charm a Woman's Eyes.

Luc. The Devil take the Fellows for me;
'tis very hard that they will be young all
the Days of their Lives, and yet will think
Women on the Decay at Thirty, for I am
sure we were not seven Years in *London*.

Win. No, nor half that time taken No-
tice of, unless to our Disadvantage; there-
fore I think it was time to troop off, with
as much Youth and Beauty as we had left,
and

and whilst the small Remainder of our Fortunes enabled us to change the Scene.

Luc. Well, you are my eldest Sister, and I must rely on you.

Enter Widow Longfort.

Wid. Your Servant Mr. *Winlove*, yours Mrs. *Lucy*, I am but a Loiterer at Visits, but 'tis not too late, I hope to bid you welcome to *Gibraltar*. [Kisses Lucy:

Win. Gadsooks, Widow, I ask Pardon, I should have done the Civilities of my House before, but as you say, 'tis not now too late I hope. [Kisses her:

Wid. Why there's Birdlime on your Lips, what you know I'm a Widow, and kifs like a younger Brother?

Win. Nay Widow, I only give you a Sample, you'll look about you before you purchase, that's your Business; for I know you design to marry again.

Wid. O Dear! not I, I vow and swear; I don't design it; but let me not swear neither, for who can tell what may happen to tempt one.

Win. Why what should tempt you, but a lusty young Fellow?

Wid. Nay, I'm for no rash Vows, for the Devil, they say, is busiest on these Occasions; and especially with us Widows; but if I am tempted, it must be by a young Man, that I must say; but Lord what will your Sister think, where is she gone?

Win.

Win. O she did as she would be done by, she might think you had private Business with me.

Wid. Ay! Mr. *Winlove*, she knows you a fit Man, to do a Widow's Business!

Win. Who I, Mrs. *Longfort*?

Wid. You! ay, you; what I warrant I could find you Business too; pray try me Mr. *Winlove*; well I vow and swear, I like that Name of yours-exceedingly.

Win. Indeed! nay *Winlove* does sound better than *Longfort*.

Wid. O! much better; yet a Name signifies little, not but there's something in it too; and I should like mightily to be call'd Mrs. *Winlove*; but then there's the Misfortune, one can't change one's Name, without changing one's Condition.

Win. But you'll hardly think it worth that, I believe,

Wid. Worth changing my Condition, Sir? indeed I think it worth every Thing; but alas! Mr. *Winlove*, I have been a Widow but six Months, and can I think of changing my Condition so soon? Speak your Thoughts; will you desire it of me? alas if you should, I question whether I could deny you, or not? I really think you might persuade me sooner than any one.

Win. Who, I Mrs. *Longfort*?

Wid. Ay; you indeed, Mr. *Winlove*, sooner than any Man living; Lord! there's a great

a great Deal in saving a Decency; alack-a-day! I never minded it so much before! well, I'm heartily glad you spoke first to excuse my Modesty: But what's Modesty? it means nothing, or at best is the Virtue of a Girl, that knows not what she would be at; a Widow should be wiser; but I wont confess neither; yet I will venture to own, I have had a vast Respect for you, ever since I first saw you; and since I have gone so far, I must confess, indeed I must, that should you desire to dispose of all I have in the World, honourably I mean, my Fortune and Person are at your Service: Gad so! we are interrupted.

Enter Belmore and Monsf. Thomas.

Bel. So Mrs. Longfort, your Widowhood is waneing apace: I see which Way 'tis going: Ah! *Winlove*, you'r a happy Man, the Women and their Favours come home to you.

Wid. A Fiddle of Favours, Mr. *Belmore*, I am a lone Woman you know, left in a great deal of Business, and Business must be follow'd or lost; I have Wares, which are a dead Stock to me, that Mr. *Winlove* may have Occasion for. — your Seryant, Mr. *Thomas*, welcome from your Travels.

The. I thank you, Mrs. Longfort, Widow, I should say, for I find my old Friend is laid low.

Wid. Ay, Mr. *Thomas*, we are all mortal,

tal, but my Comfort is, he is in a better Place — but Lord, how I loiter here ; well Mr. *Winlove*, I have profer'd you a Pennyworth, think upon it, and let me see you at my House ; the sooner the better, Mr. *Winlove*. [Exit

Bel. Faith, Friend, you seem to be in the Widow's Books, but take Care of her for all that, for she'll cheat you if she can.

Win. Do you think so ; but what will you say, if I should cheat her.

Tho. Cheat her ! impossible ; and so you would think, if y'knew her.

Win. Why, Sir, I may know her ; I can marry her, if I will.

Bel. How's that ; can you marry her, say you ?

Win. Faith, yes ; she has given me to understand, her Person and Fortune, are both at my Service.

Bel. Say you so ; close in with her ; ten Thousand Pound clear Estate ; encumbered with nothing but a boobily Son, who can never be at Age, till she has a Mind ; I advise you, as a Friend.

Win. Ha ! Ten Thousand Pound ! her boobily Son ! I have a Design, and will pursue it ! Fortune ! if it be thy Will.

Bel. How lucky are you ! my Brother *Jack*, has ply'd her to little Purpose that way ; but I am glad you have her in your Power — would your Cousin was as much
in

in mine; you shall never have her Picture again, till I see the Original; she must be extremely like you?

Win. We were Twins, and are a little alike, as you well see; for she will be here soon, if she recovers, or else we shall hear she is dead; had she not been ill, we had all come together.

Bel. May she have a good Voyage; but what art thou musing on, *Tom*? hast thou visited thy Mistress since thy Return?

Tho. She will not see me, hearkee Mr. *Winlove*, I think her Aunt invited you to her House.

Win. Is my Widow, your Mistress's Aunt?

Tho. Aye, aye, cannot I pass for your Cousin, just now come from *England*, and go with you?

Win. How can that be?

Tho. Why, if I dress in my Sister's Cloaths.

Win. Hah! 'Twill be pleasant enough let us about it.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Sir John and Lancelot.

Sir John, Sirrah, I say still, thou hast spoiled thy Master.

Laun. I say, how, Sir?

Sir John. Why, like an arrant Rascal, thou hast taught him to read perfectly; which on my Blessing I warn'd him from; I knew that would be his Bane, and secondly,

ly, you lousy Knave, have suffer'd him against my positive Precept, to keep that simpering Sort of People Company, that your dull Asses call civil, mark ye that, Sir?

Lanc. May it please your Worship. —

Sir John. Sirrah, it does not please my Worship. Lastly, and if the Law allow'd, it should be thy last, I would hang thee for't, (however I will lame thee) 'thou hast wrought him quite to forget, what 'tis to do a Mischief, a handsome Mischief, such as thou knew'st was my Delight : I was accurst to trust him with such a Villain as thou, ever lazy and dispirited, and as drousy as a Cork on the Water. My Drink must all four now, and the Surgeons will curse me, not a broken Head amongst my Servants, thou Rascal.

Lanc. Your Worship will please to take me with you, and remember, I was ever the most profligate of your Family, often drunk too, and for your Credit broke your Butler's Head once.

Sir John. No thou base Recreant thou wast beaten, and fled before the Butler; a black Jack playing upon thee furiously, I saw it, I saw thee discomfited, like a rank Poltroon. See me no more, away.

Enter Thomas, dress'd in his Sister's Cloaths.

Sir John. Here's another demure Slut now, where are you a gadding I wonder; hey! what don't you know your Father,
get

get ye in Huffey, I'll have none of your
Catterwauling. *[pushing him in.]*

Tho. I wy'not, that I wy'not.

[Struggling knocks his Father down and exit.]

Lan. Bless my Master: look up Sir, do
you bleed?

Sir John. Bleed, ye Slave! 'twas a sound
Knock tho', a plaguy masculine Girl, egad
my Head's dizie; go thy Ways, thou gets
a Thousand Pound more for this Dog's
Trick, thou hast the true Spirit of the Fro-
licks, a brave Lass faith!

Lanc. Ha, ha, ha, why who do you think
it was, Sir?

Sir John. My Daughter, Fool, who should
it be? wouldst thou make me believe it was
the Devil?

Lanc. No, Sir, but one that spits Fire
as fast, and changes Shapes as often; who
should it be, but your Son *Thomas* in his
Sister's Cloaths; nay, never wonder, I saw
his Boots, if it be not he, you shall gibbet me.

Sir John. Hah! if it be so, I will put thee
in my Will, that's determin'd, but I'll af-
ter him. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Widow Longfort's House.*

Enter Maria, Dorothy, Maid.

Mar. Dear *Dorothy*, thy giving me No-
tice of thy mad Brother's coming disguis'd,
has won my Heart so, that I shall be ready
to forgive him all his wild Tricks at thy
Request. Will he be here soon?

Q

Dor.

Dor. Presently. But is all ready?

Mar. All. *Madge*, go, you have your Instructions. Come, *Dorothy*, we two must not be seen. [Exeunt.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. Agad this gear'll *Corten*. I've been stopt so often I thought I should never have got hither: I am glad to see you, *Mrs. Dorothy*, says one; what all alone, *Mrs. Dorothy*, says another; I have been kils'd, courted, and given my Consent to be marry'd in my Sister's Name: A pox take that smock-fac'd *Winlove*, if he had been in the Way, I had not been put to it so.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Your Servant *Mrs. Dorothy*, won't you please to walk in, Madam.

Tho. Still *Mrs. Dorothy*! where's *Maria*? I am a late Visiter.

Maid. Alack-a-day, she is not well, and gone to Bed, I'm glad you'r come, you shall go to Bed to her, she will be so glad to find you, when she wakes.

Tho. D'ye think she's asleep then.

Maid. Yes, pray don't make much Noise, you know your Side, creep softly in, your Warmth will do her good, you'll lie close.

Tho. I warrant thee I'll lye close, come on.

Maid. Lord, what a strange Fellow your Brother is, my Mistress won't see him.

Tho. O! a mad Villain, a very Rascal. Come.

Maid.

Maid. I'll conduct you to the Door, and there leave you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Winlove, Mrs. Longfort.

Wid. Nay Mr. *Winlove*, that shall break no Squares, you say your Father enjoin'd you to see your Sister marry'd before you.

Win. I would not throw her away, neither.

Wid. Why marry her out of Hand, to *Jack Belmore*.

Win. Why I had some Thoughts of him, but it seems she don't care for him.

Wid. Don't she? nay I would not advise her to him, a beggarly Rascal.— But what shall we do then? gad-so, what think you of *Ben*?

Win. Who, your Son? you are not in Earnest?

Wid. But I am, I protest, if you consent, he shall marry her instantly.

Win. Me! you may be sure I shall be glad to get over the Difficulty, and I'll answer for my Sister, she shall have him.

Wid. No more to be said then, that Obstacle's remov'd, he's in the House, I'll fetch him; but hearkee, Mr. *Winlove*, ma hap your Sister may stand upon her maidenly Behaviour, and blush, and play the Fool and delay, but don't be put off so, what! she is not a Girl at these Years! take her up roundly, and tell her with Authority she must be marry'd directly. I'll send her to

you. I'll warrant you I'll manage my Son.
[Exit in Haste.]

Enter Lucy.

Win. Come, Sister, give me a Kiss for my News, I have a Husband for you.

Luc. Is he worth it? I suppose the Widow's foolish Son?

Win. Why, Sister, I thought you would have Occasion for a Fool, and have accordingly provided you one, ready made.

Luc. I don't know whether I shall want a Fool when marry'd, but I find none but Fools will marry?

Enter Widow and Ben.

Wid. Come *Ben*, hold up thy Head Child, look like a Man — gads my Life; there's nothing to be done with twirling thy Hat, Man.

Ben. Why, Mother, what's to be done then?

Wid. Why look me in the Face, and mind what I say to you.

Ben. Ay marry, who'd be th' Fool then? what should I get by minding what you say?

Wid. Mrs. *Lucy*, the Boy's bashful; dont discourage him, pray come a little forward and let him salute you. Come, *Ben*, you must be acquainted with this Gentlewoman.

Ben. Nay, I am not proud, not I, I shall be soon acquainted, and then I shall be rare Company, but as yet the Gentlewoman's a Stranger to me.

Wid. Stranger! what if she be? I have spoke

spoke a good Word for you, she is your
Mistress; make her a Bow, and go kiss her.

Ben. Kiss her! no, I know better than
that too, such fine Folks as she, wont be
kiss'd and flopt, what I arn't such a Fool,
neither.

Wid. Try her, try her Man, why don't
you go nearer, you Looby.

[*Ben bows, she thrusts him forward.*]

Ben. Is the Devil in the Woman, trow?
can't ye let a body alone, can't I go nearer
her without you — forsooth, you see what
for a Woman my Mother is, always shaming
one before Company; she would have me
as clownish as herself, and offer to kiss you!

Win. Why won't you kiss her then?

Ben. Why, may I, Sir? marry and I
will. [*Kisses her.*] Gadzooks! she kisses
rarely! if you please forsooth, since my
Mother would have it so, I don't care if I
kiss you again.

Luc. Well, Mr. *Ben*, and how do you
like me?

Ben. Like you! marry I don't know, I
fancy you have bewitch'd me, I never was
so in my born Days before.

Wid. Well, but *Ben*, you must marry her.

Ben. Marry her! hey day! I was never
marry'd in my Life, what must I do with
her then, Mother.

Wid. You must live with her, lye with
her, and sleep with her.

Ben. Nay I shall never sleep if I lye with her, that's certain, she'll break my Rest quite and clean; but how do you think I can go to Bed to a Woman I don't know?

Win. O! you'll soon know her better, kifs her again, Man.

Ben. Shall I? will kissing bring us acquainted? forsooth, shall we steal into a Corner, and practice a little, and then it seems I shall know you better. [*Kisses her.*]

Win. The young Man mends apace.

Ben. Zooks, Mother, if you'll stay in the Room, and promise not to leave me, I don't care if I go to Bed with her.

Wid. There's my good Boy; go in and put on thy best Cloaths, pluck up a Spirit, I'll stand by thee, she won't hurt thee.

Ben. Nay, if she be thereabouts I'm not afraid of her neither, I warrant I give her as good as she brings, I have a *Rowland* for her *Oliver*, and so you may tell her. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Mrs. *Lucy*, we shan't stay for you, you are in readiness I suppose?

Win. I'll answer for my Sister, I need but say the Word, I'll say that for her.

Wid. The better for her, there's a Parson at next Door, we'll marry 'em out of Hand, and then Mr. *Winlove*!

Win. And then Mrs. *Winlove*, ha! where will you and I be then! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE, *a Blackamoor in Bed.*

*Maid conducts Tho. to the Door, Maria
lift'ning*

Maid. As softly as you can, she sleeps.

Tho. I'll creep like a Mouse, *Madge*, A!
how close the little Thief lyes! In what a
Figure it has pull'd itself together, anon it
will lye streighter, hah! theirs rare Matter
in such a Treatise, how I shall tumble the
Leaves. O! ye little Villain, ye coy Thief,
how I shall touse ye; your fye *Thomas*,
what d'ye mean, and as you'r a Gentleman
forbear, shall not save ye; for up ye go.

Mar. O! the Rakehell, how he itches
at the Villany.

Maid. Methinks, Mrs. 'tis pity you
were not there.

Mar. Hush, all's out, he's going for the
Candle.

Tho. By your leave Light, I'll see how
she pouts in her Sleep, and then her soft
whitish Bubbies, Ah! there's Extasy! gad
she moves her Foot, let me see, O! defend
me; the Devil, the Devil, Feinds and Furies.

Maria, Maid. Ha, ha, ha, her soft,
white Bubbies!

Tho. I am bubbled, abus'd most dam-
nably; but be thou Devil, or his Dam, I'll
give thee a wakning; here's a Curry for thy
Morrocco Hide [*jolts her roughly*] hah! a
noise, the Widows Family will bait me to
Death,

Death, I must scour, a Curse of all Women, I here disclaim 'em. *[Exit.*

Blackmoor. O! O! O! I m bruis'd into Mummy, a little Spice, and I'm fitted to pot up for Venison. I'll lye no more with your Sweetheart, if he huggs this Way, let him hugg you Mistress.

Mar. Alas poor *Kate*; I'll give thee a new Petticoat. *[Exit.*

SCENE, *the Street, Enter Thomas, Frank.*

Tho. Gad I'm got out of their Purlieus, the Coast was all clear. As I live, *Frank* again, hah! if he sees me he'll claim my Promise, [*as my Sister*] to marry him, I'll fit him for a Ferriter.

Frank. Ay! Dear *Mrs. Dorothy*, have I caught you? Come Sweet, the Air's cool, I have a Parson ready.

Enter Sir John and Lanc.

Sir Jo. Why that's my Daughter, Villain; dost not see the Fellow kissing her.

Lan. Why there's the Boots still, Sir.

Sir Jo. Hang Boots, why they'll wear Breeches too; see his Hand round her Neck.

Frank. Methinks her Mouths very rough, but that's the cold Air. [*Aside*] come Love, I wont be put off, let us go, the Parson will soon dispatch us. *[Exit both.*

Sir

Sir Jo. See they'r agreed, I knew twas She, let her take him, 'tis *Frank* sure ; he's not quite wild enough tho', but so, so.

Lan. Gad I'm at my Wit's End, why sure, Sir, it must be my Master?

Sir Jo. Why dost thou follow me? thou rascal Slave, hast thou not abus'd me enough yet? Thou hast ruin'd my Boy, and by thy own Proposal shouldst be gibbeted, a Curse upon thy dastard Coxcomb.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First A C T.

A C T the Second.

Enter Thomas and Fidlers.

Tho. Gad I was e'en forc'd to marry the Puppy to get rid of him, and now for my Mistress, I'll spoil her Dreams, however ; strike up Scrapers and open your Throats for the Chorus. [*they play*]

Maid above. What Noise is this? What Rascals are you that make such a Din.

Tho. O what is that to you, ye Fool O what is that to you, pluck in your Face, you Scoundrel Lafs or I will break your Brow, hey down, a derry derry down, a new Ballad a new Ballad.

Maid. Who are you, and what do you mean?

Tho. O Damosel Dear, open the Door and it shall appear, open the Door and view us near.

Maid:

Maid. I'll see ye hang'd first, I know ye now, Madam 'tis Monseir *Thomas*.

Maria above. What a wild Afs is he! rail him hence, or sing him out, in his own Way.

Maid. Have at him then. My Man *Thomas* did me promise, he would visit me this Night.

Tho. I am here Love, tell me dear Love, how I may obtain thy Sight.

Maid. Come up to my Window my Love,
Come up to my Window my Dear,
The Wind nor the Rain shall trouble.
[thee again,
Thou shalt have a Lodging here.

[throws a Rope.

Tho. But can'st thou pull me up?

Maid. I warrant you, hold fast, help Nan.
[they pull him up

Tho. Hellen he lov'd and she tickl'd him so,
That he contriv'd into Greece to go.

Maid. And Venus assisting his Promotion
The Devil's Dam was at his Devotion.

[The Maid in a Devils Vizard offers to kiss
him, he lets go, and falls down.]

Maid. Adieu, sweet Sir.

Mar. Ah! what hast thou done, he is kill'd!

Maid. Not hurt, as I live he pitch'd on his Feet like a Cat.

Tho. O Woman! O mischievous Woman, I am spoil'd, O my Leg, my Leg, lam'd for ever.

Mar.

Mar. O my Heart ! pernicious Wretch !
thou hast maim'd him.

Tho. O beware Woman, my Leg, my
Leg, crash'd to a Mummy, a Surgeon, or
I die, run Fidlers bring a Surgeon, O I
shall faint.

Enter Maria in her Night Dress and Servants.

Mar. Run all of you, and all too little,
fetch Help, O cursed Jade, to hurt him so,
go you too Huzzy, he will be dead else,
how do you Sir ?

Tho. [*rising*] Why well I thank you,
Sweetheart, come let's walk in, their's none
to trouble us now.

Mar. Why are ye not hurt Sir ?

Tho. Faith not much Sweet, come we
lose Time.

Mar. Trust me I am glad on't, mine
own *Tom*, come lets go in lovingly —
are ye so crafty Sir, I'll fit ye. [*Aside*

Tho. Ah ! sweet Lafs, now thou'rt my
Honey Mistress.

Mar. O my Scarf, *Tom*, I lost it here-
abouts, find it and wear it, a poor Favour
from your Mistress.

Tho. I am in the right Box I faith, this
was lucky. Here 'tis, gi'me your Hand.
Dear. — ha ! how's this ? gone in, and
the Door lock'd, am I nick'd again.

Maria within. Stay a little sweet Mon-
seir, the Surgeons will be here straight, or
what if you should roar out again, or let
me

me fee; break your Leg in earnest, 'twill save ye from being laugh'd at.

Tho. What a Devil shall I say, I must rhyme myself off.

*O all ye fond Youths of Wooing beware,
For Women are Devils, if Devils there are.*

[Exit

Enter Widow and Winlove.

Wid. Indeed Mr. *Winlove*, I was afraid you was angry with me, to get up so soon and leave me asleep, but you know I could not help that Rakehell, that Monsieur *Thomas*, his making such Disturbance, but I warrant I will rattle him for it.

Win. No, no, I was not angry, I only got up to see the Meaning of it.

Wid. I am glad that was all. Ah! Mr. *Winlove*, you'r a dear Man, and I did not think it had been in you.

Win. You find I have more in me, than you expected.

Wid. No, no, you cannot have more than I expected, 'tis impossible to have more, you have enough for any Woman in an honest Way, that I will say for you.

Win. I find *Jack Belmore* has acquitted himself of his Commission however, [*Aside*] then I find you are satisfy'd.

Wid. Satisfy'd! no indeed, I am not satisfy'd, nor can't be satisfy'd with you, or without you; to be satisfy'd, is to have enough of you; now, 'tis a Folly to lye;
I shall

I shall never think I can have enough of you, well, I shall be very fond of you; would you have me fond of you? What do you do to make me love you so?

Win. Do you ask me that, can't you tell then?

Wid. Go, there's no speaking to you; you bring all one's Blood into one's Face, so you do, but a little Colour becomes me, how do I look to Day?

Win. O charmingly, the Women will envy you, you look so charming.

Wid. But do I, do I really look charmingly? Ah! the natural glowing of a Complexion out-does all the Paint in the World; let the poor Creatures burst with Envy, I can only pity the young Jilfirts; they wou'd have no body get Husbands but themselves; marry forsooth, nothing to be took Care of but their Green Sickneſs; but dear Mr. *Winlove*, you have convinc'd me to the contrary; ay, and I am sensible of the Favour you have done me, and to shew you I am, here's a thousand Pound for your Breakfast. [*Gives him Bags.*]

Win. Ay, marry, this is something like a Breakfast.

Enter Ben, Lucy following.

Ben. What d'ye follow me for? I wont be dogg'd nor dangled after neither, so I won't.

Luc. Follow you! why mayn't I follow you thro' the World.

R

B n.

Ben. No, hold ye there, not so far by a Mile neither; I have enough of your Company already, by'r Lady, and something to spare.

Wid. Why, *Ben*, sure thou art out of thy Wits.

Ben. Nay I don't know, but if I am not, I believe I shall be, for I am alter'd for the worse strangely, since you saw me, and she, there, has been the Cause of it.

Wid. How so, Child.

Ben. Why, did n't I tell you what would come on't, but you must have your Way, and put me to Bed to a strange Woman.

Wid. But now she's your Wife, Child, and you must love her.

Ben. Love her! I have lov'd her enough I think, for now I don't care a Fig for her.

Luc. Why you slovenly Lubberd, I see good Nature is lost on you, you misbegotten Blockhead,——

Wid. Nay, Mrs. *Lucy*, say any thing else, and spare not, but as to his Begetting, that touches me, he is so honestly begotten, tho' I say it, that he is the worse for it.

Luc. I'll so use thee, make thee such a Cuckold.

Ben. Gad, I don't know what you'll make of me, for I hardly know whether I'm a Boy or a Girl, I believe I have no more Manhood in me than one of my Mother's under Petticoats.——

Wid.

Wid. Sirrah, Sirrah, meddle with your Wive's Petticoats, and let your Mother alone, you ungracious Bird, you. [*Beats him.*]

Ben. Why is the Devil in the Woman? What have I said now, do you know if you were ask'd, trow? but you'r all of a Bundel, e'en hang together, he that unties ye makes a Rod for his own Tail, and so he will find who has any thing to do with you.

Wid. Ay, Rogue enough, I have a Rod for your Tail yet, and so you shall find.

Ben. No Wife, and I care not.

Luc. Why, you unmannerly Tony, you Wittol Looby.

Ben. Ay, rail on, 'tis not your Tongue that I fear.

Wid. Sirrah, I'll swinge you into better Manners, I will. [*Beats him off.*]

Enter Belmour.

Bel. Dear *Winlove*, *Jack* has told me all; how shall I make you amends, for the Favour?

Win. Why, I'll tell you, it seems we're to have a Brush with the *Spaniards*, and I'm resolv'd to make one; now I don't know what may happen to me, and having a Thousand Pound of my Cousins, that I would not have her wrong'd of, I will put it into your Keeping.

Bel. You have a good Opinion of me, I see.

Win. I have indeed; if I don't return,
R 2 pray

pray take some Care of her, and see her marry'd, if you can; but if you hear from neither of us, the Money is your own; but so much I'll say before my Sister, if you like her when you see her, I wish nothing so much as to have you marry her yourself.

Bel. Why, from what you have told me of her, and my Obligations to you, it will be her own Fault if I don't; but I hope to have her from your own Hand, yet.

Win. And I hope to give you her Hand too, for all this. But come, I must prepare for my Departure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Bellmore, Frank.

Frank. Is there any Shops open, I'll give thee a Pair of Gloves, *Jack.*

Jack. But does *Thomas* know thou hast marry'd her?

Frank. No, nor her Father neither, there's the Trick on't; by that Means I have sav'd her Jointure.

Jack. Why here she comes.

Enter Dorothy.

Frank. See how demure she is. 'Morrow Mistress.

Dor. Your Servant, Sir, pray what is your Will?

Frank. Only a Word with you, Mistress.

Dor. Well Sir, say on.

Frank. That you would presently prepare yourself and those Things you would take with ye, for my House is ready.

Dor.

Dor. How Sir?

Frank. As for Household Stuff. Trunks, and Cloaths, to morrow will serve Turn; only what Money you have and Jewels bring away with ye.

Dor. Money, and Jewels, Sir?

Frank. My Friends will be there, and the Bed is ready to play the Game in; and now *Dolly*, come kiss me heartily.

Dor. Mr. *Belmore* you'r a sober Gentleman; how broke he out of *Bedlam*? you shou'd n't suffer him in the raw Air, 'twill hurt him; he's a pretty Gentleman, 'tis a great Pity. Servant, Sir. [Exit.]

Jack. Ha, ha, ha, *Frank*, thy Case and mine are all one; it seems thou hast marry'd a Woman without her Knowledge, and I am sure I have lay'd with a Woman without her Knowledge.

Frank. How! *Jack*, explain.

Jack. No faith, not yet, she don't know herself, I tell ye.

Frank. Well, I can't rest, till I see the Bottom of this. [Exit.]

Enter Belmore, Lucy, Charlot in her Woman's Habit.

Bel. Well, I vow I did not know you at first! who could have suspected a Mistress in a Companion!

Char. Why, I had a mind to know how you lik'd me in the Person of my suppos'd Cousin, and if I had found you indifferent,

I would have try'd to have been so too; but you say you like me, so I have ventur'd to discover myself.

Bel. Like you; you know I lov'd you as a Man, but could not hope such a Miracle in my Favour, that you should become a Woman, and engage me, by a dearer Tye. So, *Jack*, where's the Widow?

Jack. You know I am her forlorn Hope, she brings up the Rear, with the young Squire in her Hand, my Son-in-Law, that is to be, by the help of Mr. *Winlove*.

[*Enter Widow and Ben.*]

Wid. Here, Mrs. *Lucy*, I have brought him about, I have chastis'd him, he's as supple as a Glove, you may pull him on, or throw him off, at your Pleasure. Will you ever rebel again, will you, Sirrah? but come, come, down on your Marrow Bones and ask her Forgiveness. Say after me: *Pray, forsooth Wife* —

Ben. *Pray forsooth Wife.*

Luc. Come, come, I'm good-natur'd, I'll take you into Favour, 'tis your first Offence, but if ever you do so again —

Ben. Ay marry if I do, 'twill be the worse for me.

Luc. Here's a Stranger, forsooth, my Sister would be glad to be known to you.

[*Wid. starts seeing Charlot.*]

Wid. Your Sister, Mrs. *Lucy*, what d'ye mean?

mean? this is your Brother, d'ye think I don't know Mr. *Winlove*?

Luc. Lord you'll spoil her Fortune, this Gentleman's about marrying her.

Wid. Fiddle, faddle, that Trick won't take with me.

Char. Nay truly, the Trick has taken sufficiently, we won't cheat you over again.

Wid. Cheated! what d'ye mean, Mr. *Winlove*?

Char. Why there now, you will be cheating yourself, I grant you I was Mr. *Winlove* a little while, to oblige you; but now to oblige Mr. *Belmore*, I am a Woman again.

Wid. A Woman! — why pray did not you marry me?

Char. You would have it so.

Wid. Gads my Life, I could not be cheated in every Thing, I am old enough to know a Man from a Woman sure, or the Devil's in't: Did n't I give you a thousand Pound too?

Char. Yes, sure; but 'twas more than I deserv'd tho', but you have enough left for a Husband yet, and I believe when you know all, you'll think *Jack-Belmore* has the most Right to it.

Wid. What you put him to Bed with me then, did ye?

Jack. Yes faith Widow, I am the Man, and

and egad you must own, I have done fairly by you, you know what you have to trust to, — before-hand.

Wid. Well, well, I see you was to have me, so e'en let's be marry'd, and there's an End on't.

Enter Frank.

Frank. Widow, a Word with you, is *Mrs. Dorothy* here?

Wid. Ay, I think she is; she lay with my Niece *Maria* last Night. Would you speak with her?

Frank. Lay with your Niece say you! but who's that?

Enter Thomas in his Sister's Cloaths, follow'd by Sir John.

Tho. Ha! *Frank* your'r a hot Lover, but a Loiterer of a Husband, I see.

Frank. Nay, now I see the Knavery on't, Good Morrow. [*Offers to go*]

Tho. Sirrah *Frank*, stay, give me thy Hand Boy — Widow where's my Sister? O here she is.

Enter Dorothy, Maria.

Frank my Boy, thou would have a Wife.?

Frank. Not I, I thank ye, by no Means.

Tho. I say thou shalt have a Wife; and a fruitful Wife too; for I find *Frank*, I shall never bear thee Children.

Sir John. Ha! a rare Boy, a mad Rogue, Father's own Flesh and Blood. [*Aside*]

Frank. Prethee leave fooling; I am very well as I am. *Tho.*

Tho. Ay, but thou shalt be better *Frank*; let's see, thou hast 500 a Year, and she has 1500 *l.* thou shalt jointer her, in 200 a Year.

Frank. No. *Thomas.*

Tho. I say yes *Frank*; and lay out 200 *l.* in Close, look at her, a delicate Wench; strike Hands, or I strike first. Come Sister.

Dor. You'll let me like him first, Brother?

Tho. Come, don't play the Fool, what would ye have, he's a handsome Fellow, come Brother *Frank*, strike the Match.

Frank. Well then Mrs. can ye like me?

Dor. If ye can please me.

Tho. That's to be try'd, take her Brother *Frank*, and now, off goes my Fripery, and I travel again.

Sir John. I'll bar that first.

Mar. And I next.

Tho. O be satisfy'd, I say I will travel; and so long, till I find a Father that I never knew, and a Wife that I never look'd for.

Mar. Why you Fool I am Friends with ye now.

Sir John. Why Monsieur *Thomas*, why *Tom*, my own Boy *Tom*, here's my Key's, take all I have, for now I see thou art right.

Tho. O! Lord Sir, if you don't disinherit me for a demure Mopes, I shall lose my Mistress, for being a wild Spark.

Mar. Come *Tom*, upon my Faith I have forgiven you now, and love ye extremely, and now I'll kiss ye too.

Tho.

Tho. Shall we to Church then strait? us four; and what say you *Widow*, is your Wedding Sheets on?

Wid. Yes, yes; we're agreed at last, *Jack Belmore*, and I.

Tho. *Jack Belmore*! what then, is not *Winlove* the Man.

Bel. No, faith, a very Woman, the Sexes were mismatch'd, she only hung out false Colours, like you.

Tho. Hah! what a Woman in Breeches! gad that's she, a glorious Girl faith, she shall have a Husband, or I'll have her myself.

Mar. No, that you shan't, I forbid that.

Bel. And so do I; she and I have made up the Matter; if you will, tho' you shall see her marry'd.

Sir John. Come, no more to be said, I'll see ye all marry'd; four Couple, a jolly Troop faith, away with ye, get the Business over, and then the Women will give you all Business; ye all dine with me, I'll hear no Denyal.

Jack. Come *Widow*, if you'll go, I'll lead the Way.

Wid. Ay: Since by Moon Shine you have made your Hay. [Exeunt

F I N I S.

THE
LITIGIOUS SUITOR
DEFEATED;

OR A NEW

Trick to get a WIFE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. JACKSON, in *Clare Court*,
Drury-Lane. 1741.



PERSONS who speak in the
Litigious Suitor defeated.

M E N.

Courtwell, a younger Brother.
Vulter, a litigious Stockjobber.
Colonel Manley.

W O M E N.

Lady Outside, a rich Widow.
Miranda, *Courtwell's* Sister.
Necessary, the Widow's Maid.
Fidlers, *Mob*, &c.



THE
LITIGIOUS SUITOR defeated:

OR A NEW
Trick to get a WIFE.

SCENE, a Chamber.

*The Widow Outside discover'd at a Toylet,
Necessary waiting.*

Wid. **W**ELL, Black is a becoming
Colour to a fair Complec-
tion, but I am quite weary
of these Weeds, pray how long has Sir
Thomas Outside been dead, *Necessary*?

Nec. Let me see, one, two, three; I, he
has been dead three Weeks and four Days
Madam.

Wid. Is it no longer? I protest I thought it
had been as many Months, how slowly the
Time moves, Nights are very long *Necessary*.

Nec. Methinks your Ladyship was too rash
in making that Vow, never to marry again,
but I hope you don't intend to keep it?

Wid. Alas! *Necessary*, thou hast seen me
fall into Fits, at the pronouncing Sir *Tho-*
mas's Name, 'tis only a customary Form
impos'd on our Sex, tho' I must needs own,
Tears accompany'd with all the Train of
outward Regards, are mighty decent, and
add a thousand Charms to a Widow; and
then as to that Vow *Necessary*, it was no ill
Policy, it sharpens, their Appetites, Men
love to prevail, where there is some Diffi-
culty,

culty, do'st not see what a Herd of Pretenders I have already about me, Vows are Things of Course ; prithee give me a clean Handkerchiff, and my Bottle of Hart's-horn, least I should be surpriz'd without the Decorations of Widowhood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Mr. *Vulter* desires your Permission to wait on your Lady ship.

Wid. Desire him to come in. — Now for a mournful Strain. —

Enter Vulture.

Oh wretched disconsolable Creature, could I but expire amidst the piercing Anguish! can it be possible that I am forever separated from my Dear, Dear, Sir *Thomas*? alas 'tis but too true, Ah me. [Weeps]

Nec. Madam, Mr. *Vulture*. Alas poor Lady!

Vulter. Madam your Servant; what still weeping? humid Eyes always: a good Husband's warm Kisses, would like a Summer Sun, exhale the Dew from those rosy Cheeks: But Madam, I presum'd to wait on you this Morning, to know if I might wish you Joy of your Cause.

Wid. Alas Mr. *Vulture* I don't know when I shall gain it, there are so many Delays in the Law.

Vult. Indeed you observe truly Madam, I hope you have retain'd good Council, for a good Cause with bad Council, is like a strong Bird with pluck'd Wings, they may both flutter a little, but will certainly fall to the Ground. *Wid.*

Wid. You say right good Mr. *Vulture*, but sit down, I want some of your Advice, you are learned in the Law, Sir.

Vult. I think I ought to b^e, my good Lady, I have been in Law five and forty Years next Term.

Wid. You must know Mr. *Vulture*, my Adversary has not pleaded yet.

Vult. *Non pleadavit Adversarius*, say you, so much the better, why what a Blockhead was his Attorney, look'e Madam, If he does not put in his Declaration before next *Essoign* Day, we'll nonsuit him, and snap Judgment by Default, pray Madam who's your Attorney?

Wid. Mr. *Wrangle* of *Clement's Inn*.

Vult. A very able Man indeed, a thorough pac'd Practitioner, one that will pursue a Cause, thro' all the Tricks, Quirks and Doubings of the Law, with all the Affiduity of a stanch Attorney, — But —

Wid. But what Sir?

Vult. He is a little too scrupulous, he does not put his Knowledge in Practice, an Attorney can never go thro' Stitch without plenty of good Tools.

Wid. What d'ye mean by Tools, Mr. *Vulture*.

Vult. I mean Witnesses, Madam; good thorough pac'd Witnesses, they are the Sinews, Life and very Soul of a Cause, a successful Attorney must have false Witnesses,

as a Sharper must have false Dice, now there's my own Attorney old *Cerbrus* of *Gray's Inn* is always well stock'd, he has Witneses of all Sorts and Sizes, Fellows that will swear thro' thick and thin, with broad brazen Faces, fear'd Consciences, and strong Memories.

Wid. Sure you jest Mr. *Vulture* — 'tis impossible there should be such Villany.

Vult. Ah, Madam, I know the World; there's no living in't without Industry and Artifice: why there's my Friend *Cerbrus*, now, with a complete Proficiency in these witty Shifts, has scrap'd up forty thousand Pounds: If he had been overstock'd with Honesty, he might ha' been a painful Hackney Writer to this Day.

Wid. I find Mr. *Vulture*, Money is the only Deity you adore.

Vult. Excepting your amiable self, my very good Lady — And I think I have some Reason, I know by sixty Years Experience, that the richest Men, are always most esteem'd. Why, a poor Man is a Rogue to himself, and a Fool to the World, Honesty and Conscience will starve him, his Wife and all their Posterity: and deprive them of all good Qualities in the Eye of the World; a poor Man is never a credible Man, therefore he's a Lye, no Body will trust him, therefore he's a Knave, he had not Wit enough to get rich, consequently he's
a Fool.

a Fool! But in short, to come to the Purpose, my good Lady ; I would recommend some of these Witnesses to you, and I warrant you will gain your Cause.

Wid. I had rather lose my Cause, than use such hellish Instruments to gain it, have you no Conscience, Mr. *Vulture*.

Vult. Ye — ye — yes, Madam, I have a good convenient modern surtout Conscience, that may be slipt of or on, like a riding Coat, as occasion offers.

Nec. My Lady would have a sweet Husband of this Fellow. [*Aside.*]

Wid. Well but Mr. *Vulture*, if my Adversary should by perjur'd Witnesses bias the Court, I should be loath to stand to a false Judgment.

Vult. *Non ad Judicium!* — Then I have a Trick to relieve you again, you shall have a Habeas Corpus, *cum Causa*, and remove it higher.

Wid. I find Mr. *Vulture* you have Tricks enough of Conscience.

Vult. I have Tricks enough of Law, no matter for Conscience — 'tis not a Thing to thrive by — none but poor Folks pretend to it —

Ah! Madam! I love to be litigious, 'tis Manna to me to be in Law, there is such Pleasure in the Vexation of others; I am in a perfect Extasy when I outlaw a poor Rascal, for a Trifle before he knows

any thing of the Matter; begin with him at *Capeas*, *alias* & *plures*, Exigent and Proclamation, and so proceed to a *Capeas ulla-gatum* in the turn of a Term, and before he is *Rectus in curia* 'twill cost him Ten Pound to reverse the Outlawry. — Then the unutterable Delight of hunting him thro' all the intricate Labyrinths of the Law, to pursue him with Ejectments, Elegits, Extents, Judgments, Executions, Special Pleadings, Demurrers, Writs of Error, Rejoynders, Surrejoynders, Rebuters, Surrebuters, *cum multus aliis*: Then afterwards toss him thro' all the Courts of *Westminster*, like a Tennis Ball; flap from the Common Pleas, to the Kings Bench, then hurl him into the Exchequer, and after souce him over Head and Ears into Chancery, and when he thinks he's cock sure of the Game, I turn up an Appeal to the House of Peers.

Wid. I see Mr. *Vulture* your a consummate Master in all the chicanries of Law.

Vult. I think, Madam I should be; I am sure I have been a Term-trotter any time these Five and Forty Years, in which time I have been Sixteen times beggar'd at least, and as often recover'd again, and now at this present I can make it appear, that what by lying and cheating in Change Alley, and swearing in *Westminster Hall*, I have pick'd up an Estate, declaro, worth
Fifty

Fifty Thousand Pound; no contemptible Fortune my good Lady — and under auspicious Stars be it spoken, I have at this Time, no less than nine and twenty Law Suits.

Wid. Heaven deliver me! what a wicked Pettifogger it this!

Vult. And all the Damage won't rise to forty Shillings — I have so plagu'd and beggar'd the whole Parish with Procceses, Subpœna's, &c. that they cannot purchase a new Weathercock for their Village Steeple, then every Term, I Subpœna you up all the Men in the Village, and force their Wives to refrain civil Cuckoldom; by this means the whole Town both Male and Female hate me.

But I know how to get more by my Enemies than my Friends.

Nec. Pray Sir, what Religion are you off? [*Curtseying very gravely.*]

Vult. What Religion am I off — that's an odd Question Sweetheart; why I am a — a — I am a — Stock-jobber — and now and then a Sollicitor, Sweetheart upon Occasion.

Nec. There's a Rogue now, to make Interest his Religion, and yet pass for a sober honest Man. [*Aside*]

Vult. Going to Law, and heaping up Money are the ultimate Joys of my Life, I have gain'd more by one Lye, than by all
all

all the Truth I have utter'd in my whole Life, a single Lye in Change Ally has rais'd me a Gemini of Thousands, I landed the Duke of *Berwick* twice in *Scotland*, and put Money into my Purse both times. — In short, Madam, I am a very ingenious Person, — but, my good Lady, I am dilatory in my old Cause; grieve no longer for your first Husband, but think of a second; I hope I need not recommend my self to you, you may perceive by the Account I have given, I am a Man that will thrive in the World, and tho' I am a little old, I am tough and hearty still; and tho' the Snow does lie on the Mountain top, yet let me tell you, there's Warmth in the Valley, Warmth in the Valley, Widow.

Wid. O Mr. *Vulture*, you are a Man I could have no Objections to, but my Vow, Mr. *Vulture*, my Vow — and then to think of my dear Husband, the kindest, best of Husbands Oh! O! I shall never forget him.

[cries out]

Vult. Come Widow dry up that Moisture, those Eyes are Windows, for light not Sluices for Tears — forget the Dead and remember the Living, pretty Eyes those, mighty pretty Eyes, hide them for Shame, or they'll kill every Body — they'r your Basilisk Eyes — [peeping into her Bosom] gads my life, what a pair of delicious Breasts, stares a Man in the Face, as white

as a Lilly — odso I am wounded, murder'd, thrown in a Ditch, you have done my Business that's certain.

Wid. You make yourself very merry, Sir.

Vult. Ah! Widow, 'tis in your Power to make me merrier, you understand me [*patting her with his Cane*] but mum a Word to the Wife — Ah! those Eyes, — why I am not so old as I look, — I am not above ninety, a middle Age, a very good middle Age, — I have liv'd temperate, not wasted my Health and Strength, upon the wanton Jill-firts of the Town. Hem! hem! — there's Lungs! there's a clear Voice, sounds like a game Cock's. — hem! hem! [*falls a coughing, Necessary claps his Back*] so, mighty well Sweetheart, I am strangely troubled with Phlegm — od so, I took it a little too high for my Constitution, but I fancy my self but eighteen, when I see you, and my Heart leaps like a Bird in a Cage. [*coughs*]

Enter Courtwell.

Court. Madam I'm your most humble Servant — hey day, what's here, old December courting of July.

Wid. Who expected you Sir, how long must I be plagu'd with your rude Impertinence.

Court. Till you give the Parson leave to charm me Widow, come, come, off with these

these melancholy Weeds, thou hast strangely griev'd, spent more Tears for thy own Share than would suffice a whole City of Widows in a Plague time, besides exclamatory Sighs, and Fits innumerable.

Wid. Will no Denials shock thee, what dost thou presume on?

Court. On your good Judgment, Madam, not to chuse that moving Hospital, whose whole Merit lies in his full Bags.— In short, Widow, I am resolv'd to make you happy, in spite of all the Resolutions you have taken, or shall take to the contrary.

Wid. Well, if ever I forgive this, may I—

Court. O! no more Vows, Widow, if I have offended you, let your remorseless Damofel, seize this relenting Microcosm, disrobe it of those perishable Habiliments, and hurl it into ——— your Ladyship's Bed.

Wid. I protest thy Impudence amazes me, what is thy Aim?

Court. Only to pour forth in your dear Presence the Ætna of my Sighs, to witness the glowing Affection of my Heart, and procure from your sweet Tongue, or sweeter Lips, some Assuagement of my Pain.

[*Kisses her, she struggles.*]

Wid. Poison, Asps, and Basilisks.

Court. Nectar and Ambrosia, Milk and Honey.

Wid. I never met with any Creature so impu-

impudent — he's a charming Fellow,
faith. [*Aside.*]

Court. Nor I with any so lovely — egad
I should die like a Traitor, were it Treason
to kiss those Lips — faith, Widow, take
me for thy Husband, view my Person well,
does it not promise Heirs and Successors —
but faith I shall love thee too well.

[*bugging her.*]

Wid. I'll have you toss'd in a Blanket.

Court. Content, Widow, but let there
be Sheets tho', and thou shalt toss me and
retoss me, — s'Death what an Armfull of
Extacy is here. [*still bugging her.*]

Wid. Mr. *Vulture*, can you stand and see
a Woman insulted thus.

Vult. O fye, Sir, does this Usage be-
come a Gentleman.

Court. Dost thou prate, old dry Bones,
dost thou want that mouldy Nose, unscrew'd
from thy moth-eaten Face, thou old sapless
Broomstick, that such old Rascals as thou
should have the Impudence to think of Mar-
riage!

Vult. Bear Witness, Madam, he calls me
Rascal, take Notice, I am upon Preferment
in the Way of Marriage, and you have
call'd me Rascal before my Mistress, that
will bear a swinging Action, I'll swear the
Peace against you, put you in the Crown,
clap an Action of Scandal upon you, and
let me alone to procure Damages. [*Exit.*]

Wid.

Wid. How durst you stay in my Presence after this Insolence?

Nec. I, Sir, how durst you stay, how durst you, I say?

Court. Now must I stop this Jade's Mouth.

Nec. Come Sir, why don't you answer, how came you in, how dare you stay, answer, answer, Sir?

Court. Hussy, if you don't hold your Tongue, I shall stop that troublesome Mouth with half a Piece.

Nec. Do your worst, I dare you to't, and pray Sir when it comes into your Head to come here again learn the Manners to —

Court. To pay the Chamber Maid's Fees when I come in. [*Runs and kisses her, and puts Money in her Mouth.*]

Nec. O Madam, he has quite took my Breath away, I am not able to speak another Word.

Wid. Sir, you act as if you were really my Husband, but I desire you would use these Freedoms where you have more Power.

Court. Madam I hope I have some Power and Influence here; at least I presume I shall have very soon.

Wid. You'r mistaken, I assure you Sir, and so, Sir, adieu eternally. [*Exit Wid.*]

Court. Well, there's no hopes of Success I find in this Way, I must try what I can do by

by Stratagem- — Mrs. *Necessary*, pretty Mrs. *Necessary*, a word with thee pray.

Nec. O dear, Sir, I shall be glad if I can do you any Service.

Court. My Dear you are wond'rous pretty [*kisses her*] what wanton Eyes these are.

Nec. O fye upon you, is this all your Business with me?

Court. No, no, my Sweet, I want a little of your Assistance concerning your Lady.

Nec. O is that the Business, Sir, I'm sorry I can't serve you.

Court. Nay, Mrs. *Necessary*, now I know you jest, let those plead my Cause [*Giving her Money.*]

Nec. Duce take you, you have such a Way, one can deny you nothing.

Court. Well, Mrs. *Necessary*, I have laid a Scheme to carry your Lady this Night, and if by thy Assistance I gain my Point, to them two Guineas I'll join two hundred more to Morrow Morning, for thy Breakfast.

Nec. Ay marry, Sir, this is bidding like a Gen leman, two hundred Guineas! why, 'tis a Bribe for a Minister of State; well you Men are strange obstinate Creatures, you stick at nothing to compass your Designs. But hark, my Lady rings, I can't receive your Instructions now; but you may depend on my Assistance.

T

Court.

Court. I'll wait for you below Stairs.

Nec. I'll be with you in a Moment.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtwell and Colonel, meeting.

Court. Dear Colonel, I am glad I have found you; wish me Joy, Joy, Man.

Col. Faith, I think there's no Occasion, Joy flushes in thy Face, and sparkles in thy Eyes, what art marry'd?

Court. Humph, not quite, not directly nooz'd, but just ready to leap into the Conjugal Snare.

Col. What then the Widow has consented at last, Sir?

Court. Consented! no faith, not she, nor knows nothing of the Matter, ha, ha, ha, egad, for what I know, she's abed and asleep, and mayn't so much as think of me in her Dreams: In short, Colonel, finding no Prospect of taking the Fort by Blockade, I have brib'd the Governor to open the Gate and let me in at Midnight.

Col. Why this is such a Mystery, I can't see what you drive at.

Court. Drive! why I drive at a Generation of Boys and Girls, *ad infinitum*, I have laid such a Plot, that I defy fickle Chance, and embrion Futurity to frustrate, in short I design this Night to marry her in spite of her Teeth, and Bed her with all her Heart, come, come, *Colonel* I shall want your Assistance; my Sister is in the Secret, and will be

be there presently in a Circle of Ladies to wish me Joy, some of the Men are there already, and a Band of Fiddlers are ready to strike up, at the least Signal.

Col. Oh! cry you Mercy, I begin to smell your Plot.

Enter Necessary

Nec. Fye Mr. *Courtwell* you're an impatient Bridegroom, indeed! to be loitering here on your Wedding Day, and the poor Lady in a solitary Slumber I warrant; good Soul she little thinks what Pains I've took for her, but 'tis my Duty to serve her by Night or by Day. Well we shall have a splendid Wedding, the Butchers, Bakers and Confectioners are all busy preparing, then the Poulterer has already sent in a Load of various Fowl, and the Fishmonger so much Fish, that the Cook swears it would feast *Heliogabulus* and his whole Train of Parasites; O I have dispers'd the Fame of your Wedding into all Quarters, we shall have Company enough, you are to keep open House the honey Moon, Sir.

Court. Well thou art an excellent Lass, and it shall go hard but I'll hinder thee from leading Apes, if a Husband's to be had for Love or Money.

Nec. Pish, secure your self a Wife first, come along, now is the time, I'll convey you into my Lady's Chamber, and d'ye mind, when you have stript your self, put

on Sir *Thomas's* Night Gown and Cap, and Slippers, they'r ready for you in your Closet that is to be, this dark Lanthorn will be useful too; follow me, Gentlemen, I'll be your Guide for once. *[Exit.*

SCENE the Widow's House.

Fiddles, and Drums, and a Mob of People attending.

Enter Colonel and several Gentlemen, Miranda (Courtwell's Sister) with several Ladies.

Col. Come, play Musick, play briskly, in the mean time I'll knock at the Door, I'm resolv'd to see the Bride. *[Drums beat, and Musick plays, the Col. Knocks at the Door.]*

Nec. *[Looking out of her Lady's Window]* Bless me what's the Matter Gentlemen, why do ye disturb my Lady.

Col. Tell your Lady we are come to wish her Joy, Nay faith she shall get up, we'll be reveng'd of her for making her Wedding a Secret, Mr. *Courtwell*, Mr. *Courtwell*; give Orders to open the Door, for we'll positively enter, nay we'll have no private Wedding.

Mir. Come Fiddlers, play up another merry Strain, *[Musick again]* we are come to wish you much Joy, Lady *Courtwell*, nay we are resolv'd to see you; Come Colonel, you an Officer, and stand idle, lead us on, we'll soon make a Breach in the Fortifications. *[all forcing the Door it flies open.]*

SCENE

SCENE *the inside. Enter all the Gentlemen and Ladies.*

Mirand. This is her Chamber Door, Madam, Madam, my Lady Courtwell, let us in for we are resolved to see you.

Enter Widow in a loose Gown as from Bed, and Necessary.

Wid. Dear *Miranda* what do you mean by this unseasonable Frolick, I vow your airy Temper transports you beyond the Rules of good Manners.

Mir. You see Ladies, what 'tis to have a Husband, how late these Brides lie in Bed.

Wid. Husband, and Bride, what d'ye mean *Miranda*.

Mir. O, la, you thought to steal a Wedding, but 'twas unkind, you might have let me into the Secret, Sisters, as we now are, should not make a Mystery of any Thing, but you'r serv'd right, all the Town knows of it by this.

Omn. We wish you Joy Madam Courtwell.

Wid. *Miranda* this is barbarous, to expose me before Strangers.

Mir. None but Friends here Madam — come what does this idle Bridegroom lye so long in Bed for, nay he shall rise.

Wid. Why you'r certainly out o'your Wits, I marry'd! you dream.

Mir.

Mir. Nay it signifies nothing to deny it, Sister, I know, you were marry'd yesterday Morning, to my Brother, come we'll fetch him out of Bed. [*going in*]

Wid. Hold *Miranda*, I thought you had more Regard to the Decency of our Sex, than to carry Gentlemen into my Bed-chamber.

Mir. Psha, Sister you may hold the Door, but positively he shall get up, or we'll disturb the whole Neighbourhood — play up Musick — we'll ferrit him out
[*exit.*]

Wid. If you do, I am sure you must conjure him in, first. —

Enter Courtwell as from Bed in Night-gown, Cap and Slippers.

Ha, — O Heaven, which Way got he there?

Omn. Oh! Mr. *Courtwell*, we wish you Joy, Joy, Joy.

Court. Gentlemen and Ladies I am mightily obliged to you for your good Wishes, but I must own I should gladly have spared you the Trouble of this Compliment, since it was the desire of my fair Spouse, our Nuptials should be a Secret. — Upon my Soul I can't imagine how you all came to know it — come my Dear don't be out of Humour, you see 'tis impossible to conceal our Marriage any longer.

Wid.

Wid. Any longer, why thou audacious Wretch, art thou not asham'd?

Court. Not I, as I hope for Mercy, Madam, no, no, I think myself the happiest Man in the Universe, in the Possession of such a charming Bride.

Wid. I see this is a vile Confederacy, and I suppose *Miranda* is the main Instrument, with a Design to trick me into a Marriage with her audacious Brother.

Court. Come, come, my Dear, prithee disperse these unhandsome Frowns, I vow you will carry the Jest too far.

Wid. Why thou hast an astonishing Impudence, but if it be possible to raise a Blush in that Front of Brags, I'll try. — Come hither *Necessary*, pray satisfy these Gentlemen and Ladies what you know of this Affair, and I charge you speak the Truth.

Nec. Nay Madam, that Charge is needless, for I never told a Lye in my Life.

Court. Ay, ay, d'ye hear *Necessary*, tell the Truth, now your Lady has given you Leave.

Nec. Then I must needs own you have wedded and bedded my Lady.

Court. Your humble Servant my Dear, nay Gentlemen and Ladies you shall all be satisfied, Sir, you'r a Gentleman and I hope will speak Truth, what say you?

First

First Gent. Sir, I gave this Lady in Marriage, I was the Father.

Court. Sir shall I beg the Favour of you.

Second Gent. Sir I granted the Licence.

Court. Very well Sir, and Reverend Sir, what say you.

Third Gent. Verily I join'd these two which let no Man separate.

Col. What have you got the Parson here as Witness, the Case is clear.

Court. Nay Gentlemen this is a Point of Honour, what say you Mrs. *Necessary*, you us'd to lye with your Lady.

Nec. Sir When I put you and your Lady to Bed last Night, I knew my Duty and retir'd.

Court. Gentlemen, I am sorry I am put to call Witnesses to a Matter so evident, but I am exceeding tender of the Reputation of my fair Wife; these other Gentlemen and Ladies might entertain some Suspicions to the Prejudice of her Honour, were I not so particular in my Evidence; and because I know it would be in vain, (after what you have seen,) for me to deny that we have been in Bed together.

Col. Madam I am surpris'd you should be such an Enemy to your Fame, to persist in denying your Marriage.

Wid. I shall burst with Rage — what can I do in this Affair, Sir, Mr. *Courtwell*, pray give me leave to speak a Word with you in private.

Court.

Court. Ay, with all my Heart my Dear.

Wid. Pray Sir do you design to persist in this Trick.

Court. Yes, indeed Madam, I do.

Wid. And don't you think you have a great deal of Impudence.

Court. Hump! Madam a Sort of modest Assurance, just sufficient to carry me thro' such an Affair.

Wid. Why you won't pretend to make me believe, you have marry'd me and bedded me, will you.

Court. Yes Madam I shall be apt to do that before I have done with you; but for the past Time, I have only made my Friends believe; out of Hundreds not above half a Dozen know any other, and those few will all swear in the Affirmative; you know better — but come Widow hear Reason, if you would preserve your Reputation, and avoid being laught at, e'en come into my Design and own a Marriage with me, I have a Licence in my Pocket, and there is a Parson, come here by my Appointment; we will slip out while he does his Office, and return to our Friends, have a merry Feast, and a Bottle and a Dance, and then to Bed and get a Brace of Boys to inherit their Mother's Beauty. —

Wid. And their Father's Modesty.

Court. Right my Dear, and thus I seal the Agreement [*kisses her.*]

Wid.

Wid. There's irresistible Persuasion in his Lips, and a deal of Rhetorick in his Kisses ——— [*turning to the Company*]

Well, Gentry, I find 'tis in vain to deny it any longer I am ——— what shall I say?

Court. [*prompting her*] I am marry'd.

Wid. I am marry'd ——— I would have conceal'd it a while, for some important Reason, but 'tis too late, and now I freely own I am marry'd to this Gentleman.

Court. Let me kiss the sweet Lips that speaks it.

Omn. We wish you Joy, Joy [*salute her.*]

Court. *When e'er the Fair delays their long'd*

What can more charm them, than a- [*for Bliss*]

Trick like this.

F I N I S.